PERSONAL BEST

February 22, 1980

FADE IN:

1 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY 1

A TARTAN TRACK

twenty inches away. Superimpose: OLYMPIC TRIALS EUGENE OREGON 1976. Droplets hit the speckled yellow surface and sink into it. O.S. an announcer with a vaguely apocalyptic tone calls out the lane assignments for the finals for the women's hundred meter hurdles. More droplets hit the surface. VIEW SHIFTS and CAMERA TILTS UP to show:

THE WOMEN AT THEIR BLOCKS

for the start of the race. The droplets of perspiration hitting the track are from CHRIS CAHILL, on the inside lane, closest to CAMERA. She's sweating so much she looks as though she's already run the race. The announcer completes the lane assignments.

2 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY 2

THE STARTER

steps into position, his red-sleeved arm raising the pistol.

CHRIS

sees him out of the corner of her eye.

THE STARTER
Runners to your marks -

ALONG THE BLOCKS

rear legs scrunch up against the rear block.

CLOSE - CHRIS

breathing heavily.

BEFORE HER

are ten hurdles. Sun glinting off the track makes them shimmer. The roar of the crowd seems to grow - then abruptly trails off into a hiss, with whispers of "Gun's up! Gun's up!" - then silence.

THE STARTER'S VOICE
- get set -

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: 2

ALONG THE BLOCKS

everyone is poised to explode.

THE GUN

goes off.

THE HURDLES

Racing toward CAMERA are the eight finalists. Two of them hit hurdles - one of the girls goes sprawling.

PENNY BRILL

moves thru the field after a slow start. With each hurdle she seems to pick up speed, grow more aggressive.

AT THE SIXTH HURDLE - CHRIS

sees Penny skim by her. It throws her off stride and she begins to tie up.

AT THE FINISH

Penny Brill crosses first, Chris Cahill is fifth.

THE RUNNERS

continue down the chute, all in varying states of ecstasy.

3 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY 3

PENNY

is embraced by several people at once and between tears and giggles responds with "I know! I know!" to someone saying "Well you got your usual shitty start."

OTHER RUNNERS

hug each other or stand with their heads between their legs.

THE P.A. SPEAKERS

announce the results of the 100 meter hurdles.

PENNY BRILL

is embraced again at the announcement of her win.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 3

She grabs the second and third finishers and takes off to the crowd's cheers on her victory lap.

CHRIS CAHILL

watches them go, ambles down the chute for a few more aimless strides then abruptly turns and heads onto the field past the official's stand.

4 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY 4

RICK CAHILL

waits, expressionless as Chris approaches him. He looks young enough to be going with her. He glances down at the stopwatch he holds.

CHRIS
(coming unglued)
..I can't believe it..I don't know what happened, I mean my trail leg - it -

CAHILL
- you hurt it?

CHRIS
- No, it just, it bothered me -

CAHILL
- How did it bother you?

CHRIS
I don't know!..Oh, Daddy - I just don't know what to say -

She leans on her father, near tears. He glances around, clearly a little nervous at the impending emotional display. He puts an arm on her shoulder firmly.

5 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY 5

TORY JANE SKINNER

has her top off but is still wearing sweatpants as she shifts the shotput she holds from one hand to the other. She watches the scene between father and daughter, a little mesmerized by it.

BEHIND HER

by the shotput circle is her coach, TERRY TINGLOFF. He's getting edgier and edgier.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: 5

TORY SKINNER

dreamily continues to shift the shot back and forth.

TINGLOFF

can't stand it anymore. He leaps to his feet.

TINGLOFF
(with a strangled cry)
What the fuck do you think you're doing?

AAU OFFICIAL
(to Tingloff, a reprimand to a schoolboy)
No coaching, please.
(to Tory)
Two-minute rule, Tory.

Tory goes straight for the circle. She balances the shot, glances at the clock whose second hand is inching toward the red zone. Balances it again, getting Tingloff even crazier. She makes her move across the circle and THROWS.

THE SHOT

Flies thru the air.

IT HITS

at over 15 meters. The measuring OFFICIAL turns over the tape.

OFFICIAL
Fifty-one feet two inches -

There are appreciative whistles. The walkie-talkie picks it up and moments later it's on the p.a. system - the best toss so far in the pentathlon.

TINGLOFF

is now a little sheepish.

TINGLOFF
Not bad.

TORY

smiles. She holds her thumb up in the air.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2) 5

TORY
Hey, Terry - jump. I'll catchya.

TINGLOFF
(only slightly amused)
- you've got half an hour 'til the high jump - so - you know -

Tory throws her shirt around her shoulders, notices that Cahill has turned away from his daughter to another athlete. Chris stands waiting patiently.

TORY
Hey - you ought to put on your sweats -

Chris looks up. Tory turns away abruptly and heads downfield toward the highjump.

6 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY 6

CLOSE - TINGLOFF

near the longjump runway. Tory's name is pronounced. Tingloff tenses.

TORY

is posed on the runway. A large scythe of a scar can be seen around her right knee. She runs, hits the board and takes off, LEAPING toward CAMERA. Sand FLIES and she falls out of the pit.

THE TAPE

across the sand registers 6.71 meters.

TORY

jogs by Tingloff, more than a little pleased with herself.

TINGLOFF
(surly)
It's not over yet.

TORY
(over her shoulder)
- yeah it is.

7 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY 7

TORY COMES OUT OF THE CURVE

of the two hundred meters, leaning into it, pumping furiously, in the thick of a bunched field. Crowd's roar grows.

COMING TOWARD THE TAPE

down the straightaway. Tory and another girl lead the group.

ALONG THE TAPE

as the winner leans into it, just edging out Tory.

TINGLOFF

can't contain himself. He runs onto the track and hefts Tory into the air. Then Tory lifts Tingloff into the air.

Other women from the San Luis Obispo Track Club surround Tory, hugging and kissing her.

8 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY 8

A YOUNG GIRL

taps Chris on the shoulder. Chris turns to be handed a basket with her crumpled sweats in it. For the first time she shivers.

9 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY 9

AT THE VICTORY STAND - TORY

stands just beneath the winner, holds two roses in her hands.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE (P.A. SYSTEM)
- qualifying second in the pentathlon is a former junior national champion in the long jump, last year placed third in the Senior Women's Nationals, a first time Olympian with a personal best of 4639 points, Tory Skinner.

There are cheers and applause. Tory grins from ear to ear, nods acknowledgment, and clutches her roses - a moment of pure joy for her.

10 INT. BLACK ANGUS RESTAURANT - NIGHT 10

dimly lit with plastic booths, smokey mirrors and a rock band - chain restaurant luxury. Athletes in and out of sweats fill the booths, large and small.

AT A TABLE - CHRIS CAHILL

sits before a plate of untouched food. She's surrounded by her father Rick and other athletes from his club. No one is saying much.

CAHILL
Debbie and Martha have to compete tomorrow -

CHRIS
I'm ready.

CAHILL
(lowering his voice)
- eat something, Chris.

Chris doesn't answer.

CAHILL
(continuing)
Waiter, check please!

11 INT. BLACK ANGUS RESTAURANT - NIGHT 11

TORY, TANYA PASTOOCHIN, PENNY BRILL, TINGLOFF AND JASON TRAVIS

a black assistant coach in his forties, along with a couple of other athletes, finish their meal. Tory talks animatedly. Her plate is untouched, though.

DUANE, a large and handsome field athlete with a sliver of a girlfriend holding onto his arm, is held up by a trolley car in front of Tory's table. The two - Tory and Duane - spot one another at the same time. Tory stops talking.

TORY
Hello, Duane.

DUANE
Hey, Tory, congratulations. You really did it. All the way. Congratulations.

TORY
Thanks, Duane.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 11

Duane moves on with his little girlfriend.

WAITRESS
(to Tory, indicating untouched plate)
You finished?

JASON TRAVIS

looks up, smiles broadly.

JASON
Hey, Rick, what's happening?

CAHILL
Jason! Congratulations -
(to Tory)
- and you, golly, I saw you at the nationals last year you're really, you're coming on like gangbusters, just as a hurdler you'd make it -

He breaks off as he sees Tory staring at Chris who is standing uncomfortably at his side.

CAHILL
(continuing)
- oh..my daughter Chris.

TORY
- hi.

CHRIS
Hi. Will you excuse me?

CAHILL
What for? We're going right back to the dorm.

CHRIS
I'll walk. I don't have to be up tomorrow.

CAHILL
- all righty.
(to Tory)
Anyway - that was some performance -

Tory nods thanks, idly stares after a departing Chris.

TINGLOFF'S VOICE
Tanya, Penny - you do have to be up tomorrow..

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2) 11

PENNY
(mildly indignant)
What for? I won.

TINGLOFF'S VOICE
You've still got the relay.

12 INT. BLACK ANGUS RESTAURANT - NIGHT 12

JASON AND TORY

A lone beer in front of Tory. Tingloff and the others have gone. Tory has suddenly grown very quiet.

JASON
- miss him?

TORY
Who?

JASON
Duane.

TORY
No.
(lowering her face, moving her shoulders, mimicking him)
'Hey there, Tory. You really did it. All the way - balls out.'
Fuck it.

JASON
- you miss him.

Tory shakes her head.

TORY
I feel like a kid who just had his balloon popped. I feel like somebody scoured my stomach with a brillo pad. I feel like shit.

JASON
Hey, Tory, why don't you say what you mean?

Tory laughs.

TORY
Fuck you too. Oh, Jason..
(she leans into him)
..four years and so what? It's just me - and that's not enough.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: 12

Jason kisses her lightly.

JASON
Winning big, it's a killer, baby.
It can hurt worse than anything.

There is a CRASH of dishes hitting the floor.

CHRIS

leans unsteadily against a doorway. She's walked into a waiter's trolley and knocked it over, including some flaming items that sizzle on the floor. There is an almost obscene stain of oil on her pants. She's about to fall into the mess at her feet.

TORY AND JASON

are up in a flash, grab her. Waiters, busboys and a HOSTESS appear.

CHRIS
I'm okay, I'm okay, I'm okay..

TORY
- sit down, put your head between your legs..

CHRIS
I'm okay.

JASON
Just do it - that's it..

HOSTESS
Does she need a doctor or what?

CHRIS
(head between legs)
No!..I..haven't eaten today..
that's all..I mean I'm fine..

She looks up. Her face is damp with perspiration.

CHRIS
(continuing)
Listen, I want to pay for this..

She starts to black out again. Jason just plunges her head back between her legs.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2) 12

JASON
Damn it, girl, keep it there for a minute, will you?
(to Hostess)
She's fine. We'll take care of her.

The Hostess looks for a moment, then moves away. Busboys scurry about, cleaning up.

TORY
You in Beane Hall?

CHRIS
Beane East - but really -

TORY
C'mon -

She and Jason help her up and they head outside, Chris still protesting.

13 EXT. STREET - BLACK ANGUS - NIGHT 13

THE THREE

emerge and head down the street toward a battered '63 white Falcon convertible.

TORY
(to Jason)
I've got my car -

Chris gets in more or less unaided. As Tory gets in:

JASON
(to Chris)
- we're just down the street so - take care of yourself -

CHRIS
(almost fervent)
Thank you so much.

JASON
(dismissing it)
Hey -

With a wave to Tory he's gone.

14 INT. FALCON CONVERTIBLE - NIGHT 14

CHRIS AND TORY

Tory fumbles with the keys, turns the engine over a couple of times. There's an ungodly screech. Tory winces.

TORY
Ugh - starter on this is totally fucked.

CHRIS
Listen, congratulations.

TORY
For what?

CHRIS
I watched your long jump - great, tremendous height. I love that feeling, flying thru the air, that's the way I started, the long jump..

TORY
Yeah?

CHRIS
- yeah..anyway, congratulations.

Tory looks at her, touched both by the sincerity of the compliment and Chris' try for composure.

TORY
Thank you. I was into it and - some days you get lucky and, aww fuck, I'm so sorry -

She reaches out and touches Chris' shoulder lightly. Chris nods and then bows her head and abruptly begins to shake with sobs - silently at first.

TORY
(continuing; matter of fact)
Hey, let go - it's got to come out sometime.

Chris' sobs become audible and wracking. Tory starts to reach to her, thinks better of it, sits back and stares out the front window.

15 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 15

FALCON MOVING UP A COLLEGE STREET

Chris is holding a handkerchief and blowing her nose.

CHRIS
What I really love is the box jump drill - so you get your full hitch kick, God this nose - feels like you're flying for ages.

TORY
I know, I know, oh - here we are.

CHRIS
Oh yea, listen thanks a million.

TORY
What for?

CHRIS
Well..don't know what I would've done. Anyway - see you.

Chris starts out of the car.

TORY
Yeah. Listen, what're you doing?

CHRIS
- when?

TORY
Now. I mean you feel like being alone?

CHRIS
God no - but..but..

TORY
But what?

CHRIS
- you made it, you're going to the Olympics, don't you have parties to go to or your folks to see or a boyfriend or -

Tory raises a hand to stop her talking.

TORY
First everybody's still competing, there are no parties..second, I made a serious mistake with my boyfriend.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 15

CHRIS
What's that?

TORY
(with a smile)
I became a better athlete than he was.

She gestures for Chris to get back in the car.

16 EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT 16

"KLUTE" ON THE MARQUEE

Everyone ambles out. Tory and Chris are taller than the immediate crowd around them. They move down the street away from CAMERA. A group of athletes across the street sings - 'make new friends but keep the old, one is silver, the other gold.'

CHRIS
Gee..

TORY
What?

CHRIS
I'm starving. Where can we eat now?

TORY
My cousin's - what do you feel like?

CHRIS
Peanut butter and yogurt.

TORY
(ugh)
Peanut butter and yogurt?

CHRIS
It's great, gee we used to sing that in kindergarten.

17 INT. KITCHEN (HOUSE IN EUGENE) - NIGHT 17

CHRIS AND TORY

smoke a joint, make peanut butter sandwiches, a yogurt jar conspicuous, drink beer. Chris has grown considerably more animated.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: 17

CHRIS
- anyway when I was six, they registered us with the BIA -

She hands the joint to Tory who's having a little trouble constructing her sandwich.

TORY
The what?

CHRIS
(eating)
Bureau of Indian Affairs.

TORY
Oh yeah. How Indian are you?

CHRIS
(wolfing down sandwich)
- pretty Indian, when my father wasn't looking my mother used to do rain dances and we'd tell the kids on the block she'd made it snow and they'd go 'really, does she wear feathers in her hair?' really impressed 'em, one quarter, I don't have any hair on my body -

TORY
No hair?

CHRIS
(picking up on it, goodnatured modesty)
- well - not much.

She takes another toke on the joint and finishes the sandwich, drools a little and giggles - points to her crotch.

CHRIS
(continuing)
- it's sort of a -
(she strokes her chin)
- Van Dyke.

Both girls laugh easily.

18 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 18

TELEVISION SET

with the late news on showing the day's Olympic trials on a local television channel. There is a brief shot of Tory on the winner's stand.

CHRIS' VOICE
(before and during shot)
What about your family? Yayy.

ANGLE WIDENS. Both girls are glassy-eyed on the floor surrounded by empty plates and beercans. Between the beer and grass they are very ripped.

TORY
What about 'em? Father's dead, mother's dingy - excuse me.

She punctuates the family history with a loud belch.

CHRIS
That's nothing.

Chris holds out her index finger. Tory looks blankly at it.

CHRIS
(continuing)
Give it a tug.

Tory tugs on it and Chris promptly farts.

TORY
Can you do it again.

By way of reply Chris promptly holds up her index finger. Tory moves to tug it.

CHRIS
Wait - okay.

Tory tugs and Chris tears off another one. This time both girls laugh.

CHRIS
(continuing)
..my teammate at Long Beach, Debbie Peyton, she's a sprinter, comes up to me before every race and gives it a yank, you know, for luck!

Both girls are giggling now. Chris jabs at her nose.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: 18

TORY
Pick a winner.

Chris looks out of the corner of her eye and flicks an imaginary booger at Tory.

CHRIS
I just did.

More giggling. Chris has flopped comfortably down again, close enough to Tory so their legs are touching. Tory after a moment moves away slightly - looks at Chris.

TORY
I watched you today too. Your lead leg's a little straight but you've got great technique, better than anybody's in that race - even Penny's.

CHRIS
- yeah, well, couldn't get my step..

TORY
Bullshit. You had your step and lost it.

Chris has been lying on her back. She moves to an elbow and looks directly at Tory.

CHRIS
What're you talking about?

TORY
At the sixth hurdle - when you saw Penny.

CHRIS
I didn't see Penny.

TORY
(smiling, almost teasing)
You saw her. You definitely saw her.

CHRIS
What's that supposed to mean?

TORY
- Penny's very strong the last 40 meters.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2) 18

CHRIS
So?

TORY
So you know it, everybody knows it. You saw her, and you - choked.

CHRIS
What is this?

TORY
(shrugs)
Who knows? You didn't want to win, I guess..at least you didn't want to have to beat anybody to do it..bet your father's always saying you don't have any killer instinct, am I right?

Chris looks at Tory not knowing what to say.

TORY
(continuing)
- I'm right.

CHRIS
Listen. I'll tell you one thing. I'm as competitive as you are.

Tory suddenly and disarmingly smiles. Both girls are having trouble concentrating, though it increases rather than diminishes their intensity.

TORY
Oh yeah?

CHRIS
Yeah.

TORY
(a sizable pause, then)
At what?..anything. Name it.

Chris checks her out. Tory's manner is charming, but insistent - a gentle bully.

CHRIS
Armwrestling.

TORY
(smiling broadly)
Armwrestling?

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (3) 18

CHRIS
I've got two brothers. I can beat them both.

TORY
I'd like to see those brothers.

CHRIS
- No you wouldn't. But that's not what we're talking about.

TORY
What are we talking about?

CHRIS
Armwrestling.

TORY
...Oh yeah..

CHRIS
(not letting it go)
Are we gonna do this or not? Because if we do, I'm gonna whip your ass.

Tory breaks into another loose grin, takes a swig on her beer.

TORY
...oh...okay, whip my ass.

With that she rises and takes of her sweater, stripping down to a t-shirt with MOLSON BEER on it.

CHRIS
All right.

She gets to her knees and takes off her jacket, revealing a pale green tank top. Tory is larger but both girls' upper bodies are taut and beautifully toned.

TORY
How do we do this?

CHRIS
On the floor.

TORY
(getting down)
I know that...which arm?

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (4) 18

CHRIS
You got two choices.

Tory and Chris drop from their knees to their stomachs and stretch toward one another 'til their faces are only inches apart. Both girls are sweating a little from alcohol and from the imminent stress. Tory grins and after a moment raises her left arm. Chris nods and raises her arm - their left hands clasp, their forearms come together.

CHRIS
(continuing)
- whenever you're ready.

THE TWO IN PROFILE

watching one another. Tory is smiling slightly. Chris' face has become impassive, very much the Indian - it makes her look more formidable than we've seen her. Tory smiles a little more, possibly to get a rise out of Chris. Nothing. Tory abruptly makes her MOVE.

CHRIS' ARM

drops to nearly a forty-five degree angle under the attack, then abruptly stops. It's as if Tory's hit a stone wall. By degrees Chris raises hers and Tory's arm to a vertical position.

BOTH GIRLS

have broken out into instant flushes of perspiration. Tory's still grinning but under real strain.

TORY
(impressed)
...<u>shit</u>...

Chris says nothing, but stares at Tory and continues to push past the vertical plane.

TORY

stops smiling. It requires more and more effort to stop Chris' progress into her plane of defense. Her arm continues to sink. She begins to hiss with short explosive breaths - like a thrower or lifter. She's having to reach into herself for a maximum effort to stop Chris' attack.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (5) 18

CHRIS

is putting on relentless pressure and remains impassive. Droplets of sweat are beginning to form rivulets. Her neck is glistening, the blue vein bridges across her bicep to a rising network of veins stretching to the surface in her shoulder.

TORY

is bathed in sweat, desperately manages to stop the assault and fight back to nearly an upright position.

THE TWO

are locked into one another now, staring impassively, their entire upper bodies beginning to tremble with strain. It's mortal combat now, with tiny little grunts and groans the only exchanges.

THEIR ARMS

remain locked, quivering, but upright.

TORY
Listen, I don't want to break my fucking arm -

REACTION - CHRIS

almost frightening impassive, relentless.

TORY'S VOICE
(increasing desperation)
I got Montreal in two weeks - let's quit on three.

Chris finally nods.

TORY
(continuing)
One - two - three.

BOTH GIRLS

release their grip on one another. Tory cheats and 'pins' Chris' slack arm. Chris squeals and bops her on the head. Tory laughs. Both girls collapse side by side on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (6) 18

TORY
Sore loser, huh?..Jesus fucking Christ, I take it all back, you're tough, tough..what'd he say after the hurdles?

CHRIS
..my Dad?..stared at his stopwatch, reminded me I forgot my warmup shoes.

TORY
Sometimes when you know somebody it keeps you from knowing something a perfect stranger would see right away - if I could've been anybody in that race today, I would've been you..

CHRIS
Why?

TORY
You can be great.

Chris' eyes grow moist.

CHRIS
You really believe that?

TORY
(quiet conviction)
I know it.

CHRIS
..I've just been thinking my whole life is over..what I've lived for up to now..

TORY
Bullshit. You can go to Moscow in '80.

Chris is overwhelmed by what Tory's telling her, afraid to believe it.

CHRIS
Why are you saying this?

TORY
Because it's true.

She leans over Chris, her face inches above Chris'.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (7) 18

TORY
(continuing)
You got it all, speed strength flexibility balance everything everything I ever wanted you've got if I had what you have - oh, fuck.

Tory looks away from Chris.

CHRIS
What's wrong?

TORY
I'm very scared right now..very fucking scared.

CHRIS
..why?..

Tory slowly turns back to Chris, looks at her, then bends down the last few inches that separate them and kisses Chris on the mouth - fully but gently. Its sexuality is restrained but unmistakable.

Tory moves back up to her elbow. Chris stares open-eyed and enigmatically back up at Tory. Tory is very nervous.

TORY
..what did you think of that?

CHRIS
(a pause, then)
...I don't know.

TORY
What...if I try it again?

CHRIS
(a longer pause)
I don't know.

Tory tries it again. Their lips touch but Tory keeps her body away from Chris, almost hovering over her. After a very long moment Chris' right arm slowly rises to Tory's shoulder. Tory sinks down onto Chris and the embrace grows increasingly passionate.

19 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 19

CHRIS AND TORY

lie naked in the dark...

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: 19

...illuminated only by light from a clock radio, light from the hall which falls across their legs giving a peculiar sheen to the scar around Tory's knee. Occasional headlights flash thru the window from passing cars. Boz Scaggs is on the radio.

TORY
You've got some body.

CHRIS
Carpenter's dream.

TORY
Carpenter's dream?

CHRIS
Flat as a board easy to nail.

Tory laughs. Then:

TORY
I've got to it's dumb but I've got to say it - this is new for me... Chris?..

A long moment. Then Chris giggles.

CHRIS
- yeah, I always worried how I'd react too.

TORY
Yeah?

CHRIS
Yeah - didn't feel a thing.

TORY
(laughing)
You rat!

She's playfully slugged Chris.

CHRIS
Watch it - you're pretty strong too you know.

TORY
Not like you. I'm not the athlete you are.

A moment of silence.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2) 19

CHRIS
- hey - you're the one who made the Olympics.

Tory sits up slightly. The knee with the scar becomes prominent.

TORY
Well..I don't get bored and..I can live with pain.

Chris' hand touches the scar on Tory's knee.

CHRIS
How'd you do that?

TORY
It was easy.

CHRIS
Gee..
(her hand moves across the scar)
..I've never been hurt.

20 INT. CAHILL LIVING ROOM (LITTLE NAPLES LONG BEACH) - NIGHT 20

The Cahill family is seated in front of the television set eating off dinner trays and watching the Olympics - in addition to Chris and her father there are two brothers, RON who wears glasses and is reading Popular Photography and JEFF who is stringy haired and stares at the ceiling. Chris' mother, RITA, is very much aware of the tension between husband and daughter.

A race has just been completed. Marty Liquori is commenting. He's interrupted by a quick cut to Chris Shenkel commenting on Princess Anne's horsemanship.

CAHILL
Just because he's good for your friend Tory Skinner doesn't mean he's good for you. You know that, don't you? Don't you?

No answer from Chris.

RITA
Who is this Tingloff? Rick, honey?

Cahill doesn't respond to his wife.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: 20

CHRIS
He's the Cal Poly Coach, Mama.

CAHILL
What's he promised you?

Cahill is staring intently at his daughter who is staring at the screen.

CAHILL
(continuing)
Transfer there and you won't be able to compete for a year.

RITA
You think he's a better coach than your father?

CAHILL
Rita, shutup. If he was or he wasn't you'd never know the difference.
(to Chris again)
I said what's he promised you? Full tuition? Half? What?

Chris has been staring at her mother who has shut up.

CHRIS
- nothing.

Cahill half-rises out of his chair in shock.

CAHILL
Nothing?

Rita, also in shock, opens her mouth.

CAHILL
(continuing)
Rita!

She closes it. The results of the women's pentathlon and their current standings come on the screen. Both Chris and her father abruptly focus on the screen. Tory Skinner's name isn't mentioned.

CAHILL
(continuing; almost smug)
Well I guess Tingloff isn't that good for Tory Skinner - she didn't make the first ten.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2) 20

CHRIS
- yeah, she's probably only the eleventh best pentathlete in the world.

With that she rises and walks out of the living room. Rita starts to follow her. Cahill gives his wife a withering look and heads after his daughter.

21 INT. CHRIS' BEDROOM - NIGHT 21

with a generous scattering of trophies. Chris looks out the window to a lovely canal and the houses bunched up against it. Cahill comes up beside her - stands by the trophy case.

CAHILL
What'll you do - work at a Thirty One Flavors part time? You think you can live on that and go to school and workout?

CHRIS
I can try.

CAHILL
You know, he's hated by other coaches.

CHRIS
Sure. He's more successful than other coaches.

CAHILL
(stung)
He's a quick result guy, a brain - washer - he talk to you about steroids?

CHRIS
He didn't talk to me at all.

CAHILL
- it's - like I don't know you anymore.

CHRIS
(turning to go to the bathroom)
I think we know each other too well.

Cahill grabs her arm.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

CAHILL
Explain that please.

CHRIS
Let go.

CAHILL
I said explain that!

CHRIS
(frightened but determined)
- you see me a certain way and I see you see me that way - on the track, here - I'm your disappointment. Let go!

She tears her arm away and slams into the bathroom. Cahill starts after her, then stares at the closed door, suddenly uncertain.

CAHILL
I'm a better coach than he is. Honey? Honey?

22 EXT. SAN LUIS OBISPO CAL POLY TRACK - DAY 22

There is a track the color and texture of schoolyard sand, a brace of Cypress trees above the stands on one side and black heffers lazily grazing below the skyline on a green knoll above the far end of the field. Male athletes are leaving the workout, female ones are waiting.

TINGLOFF

steps into FRAME, obscuring the view. He's obviously intent on something. VIEW SHIFTS to include TORY who stares with equal intensity back at him. The moment goes on and on.

TORY
- what is this? whoever blinks loses?

Tingloff half smiles. Tory half smiles. Tingloff glances toward the polevault pit about ten yards away.

22 CONTINUED

CHRIS

sits there in her sweats, quietly clutching her Adidas bag.

WITH TORY & TINGLOFF

Tingloff flicks his gaze back to Tory, flutters his eyelashes.

TINGLOFF
Have I lost now?

Tory smiles. Tingloff stops smiling - glances toward:

THE OTHER ATHLETES

about twenty of them who watch the confrontation between Tingloff and Tory as though it were a main event. Tingloff strides over to MAC YELOVITCH, an immense discus thrower who weighs an eighth of a ton, towers over the ladies and Tingloff.

TINGLOFF
Listen Mac, these girls have to warm up, know what I mean?

Before Yelovitch can answer there is an un-Godly sound, a dyspeptic prehistoric animal puking its guts out.

CHRIS

alarmed, turns toward the sound.

ZENK

has finished one of his tosses. Two hundred seventy pounds bounce up and down delicately in the shot-put circle. Zenk smiles. He's pleased with his toss.

WITH YELOVITCH & TINGLOFF

YELOVITCH
Zenk's got a few more throws. I'm waiting for him.

22 CONTINUED

TINGLOFF
Yeah, well why don't you wait over there and give Zenk some encouragement?

Tingloff strides back to Tory, takes her by the arm and walks a few feet further away from his other athletes. He catches something out of the corner of his eye.

TINGLOFF
(turning)
What is that?

POOCH

a honey-colored and very pretty pentathlete is holding some mozzarella cheese. A thread of it dangles from her mouth.

POOCH
(very tentative)
- string cheese.

TINGLOFF grabs the cheese out of her hand.

TINGLOFF
(in a rage, holding it under her nose)
That's mucus! You're putting mucus in your system!

He moves back to Tory, takes a bite out of the cheese. Pooch can be heard mumbling, 'See what he done? He took my cheese..he's eating my cheese?'

TORY & TINGLOFF

Tingloff now speaks with delicate fury to Tory.

TINGLOFF
(indicating Chris)
I don't care if she's Evelyn Ashford.

TORY
- especially Evelyn Ashford.

TINGLOFF
- Anybody shows up I'm supposed to coach them is that - why especially?

22 CONTINUED

TORY
What credit could you claim for Evelyn Ashford?

This gets to him.

TINGLOFF
(pleasantly)
All right. Bring me Evelyn Ashford and I'll coach her. I'll marry her. Thank you.

He turns away from Tory to get back to the workout. Tory grabs him by the arm.

TORY
(meaning Chris)
She's uhh..she's..

TINGLOFF
She's what?..

(with sarcasm)
- 'down on her luck?' Since when is another athlete's performance so important to you? Since when?

TORY
She's better than you think.

TINGLOFF
C'mon, I was at the trials too -
(a flick of his eyes toward Chris)
- no speed, no guts..why does a third rate hurdler matter so much?

Zenk sounds like he's barfed again. Automatically Chris and almost everyone turn toward the sound.

TORY
She's better than that.

TINGLOFF
Okay she's second rate. Now what?

TORY
You're wrong.

22 CONTINUED

TINGLOFF
You're a liar.

TORY
(scared but furious)
What about? What am I lying about?

Tingloff appears to hold his breath. Then:

TINGLOFF
What makes you such an expert?

They are nose to nose.

TORY
- you.

TINGLOFF
Really think you've got my number don't you?

TORY
- yeah.

Tingloff finally smiles.

TINGLOFF
- she can work out with the team.

Tory gives him a kiss.

TINGLOFF
Don't do that! Everybody's gonna think I'm a total pussy as it is!

TORY
(sweetly)
You are.

With that she runs off and grabs Chris.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. SAN LUIS OBISPO STREET - FALCON CONVERTIBLE - DAY 23

Smoking down the street in San Luis, its tattered top flapping in the wind and rain.

24 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT 24

AFTER DINNER - TORY SITS

Chris lies bloated on the floor, dishes are piled in the open kitchen behind them, melon plates -- with two or three melon rinds on each plate -- are beside them.

They are studying. Tory reads I, CLAUDIUS, Chris reads a huge text, THE PHYSIOLOGY OF EXERCISE. Tory wears glasses. Chris after a moment holds up her index finger, still reading. Tory glances down, tugs on the finger. The resulting sound is lost with Dan Hill's SOMETIMES WHEN WE TOUCH coming from a JVC - a song and instrumental which continues on through the following:

FADE TO:

25 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - DAY 25

A HIGHJUMP BAR - TORY

in b.g. taking a run at it with a very quick, even hasty start. She takes off and clears the bar. TINGLOFF INTO SHOT. His concentration on Tory is total.

TINGLOFF
No, no, no, you're not a speed jumper, godammit, how many times do I have to tell you.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: 25

TINGLOFF (CONT'D)
It's acceleration, your last three steps -

With that he HEFTS Tory to her feet, passes by an awed Chris who tries to get out of his way and bumps into him. She tries to apologize. He ignores it.

26 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - DAY 26

SPEED BOUNDING DRILL - CHRIS, TORY AND TEAM (DIFFERENT DAY DIFFERENT SWEATS)

For fifty yards down the track, they do alternating leg long-bounds, great graceful stag leaps. They stop and on the way do a ham-string drill. At the end of the speed bounding, Tory stops and says something obviously congratulatory to Chris - patting her on the back.

TINGLOFF
(shouting)
Tory, are you gonna do it or talk about it?

27 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - DAY 27

TORY'S STANDING ON A BENCH

She drops to take-off leg - the impact and shock on her legs of the extra gravitational force can be seen in slow motion - then she jumps into the pit and the sand flies.

28 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - DAY 28

CHRIS

doing a trail-leg drill, stops and watches an exchange between Tory and Tingloff, then goes back to her lone workout.

29 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 29

TORY

naked, Chris wearing only her green tank top, try to get into their waterbed. They bobble up and down, riding the waves shakily.

Finally both get out after the waves stop. They sit on the edge on opposite sides back to back - very carefully lie back on the bed - and roll onto it. Tory hits the light as they continue their roll into each other's arms and the room goes into darkness.

30 EXT. SAN LUIS OBISPO COUNTRYSIDE (MORNING) 30

including joggers employing various waddles and choo-choo's as running styles, much jiggling of jellowy flesh. INTO FRAME Tory and Chris move with a sprinter's jog - balletic, controlled as though in slow motion, then a blazing burst of speed for ten to twenty yards, then BACK to the unique, dangerously controlled gait of the sprinter in check.

31 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - DAY 31

YELOVITCH AND ZENK LIE ON THE EDGE OF THE FIELD

two bull walruses lazing on their beach checking out the cows. Zenk watches Chris and Tory jog by, groans. Yelovitch groans in agreement.

ZENK
We should say something.

Yelovitch nods.

ZENK
(continuing)
What?

YELOVITCH
Something friendly.

ZENK
Hey, hey girls! C'mon over and sit on my face and let me see how much you weigh..

Yelovitch looks scornfully at Zenk.

YELOVITCH
Gross.

ZENK
It was friendly.

CHRIS AND TORY

glance at each other, laugh. They slow to a walk.

TORY
(after a few steps)
Hey - wanna meet my sidekick?

CHRIS
(a little puzzled)
- sure.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: 31

Without breaking stride Tory neatly 'sidekicks' Chris in the butt. Chris squeals in feigned indignation. Tory takes off running and laughing - Chris in hot pursuit.

32 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - DAY 32

ON THE TRACK - ATHLETES

are placing hurdles along 6 lanes for a time trial. Shotputters, highjumpers, everyone helps.

TORY, PENNY BRILL

and two other hurdlers, LAURA PAPIRO and TRISH BLONDE, warm up, Tanya starts away after putting up the fifth hurdle.

TINGLOFF
No, Tanya - put up seven.

Two more hurdles are added to the lanes.

CHRIS

has been warming up over hurdles. They're taken from her to the track. She stops, watches.

TINGLOFF

looks around him.

TINGLOFF
(to Jason)
Let's get this show on the road.
We lose the track in 10 minutes -

Jason goes off to hurry the setting up. Tingloff spots Chris watching.

TINGLOFF
(continuing)
Say - Chris.

CHRIS

can't believe he's talking to her. She runs over.

CHRIS
(eagerly)
Yes, Mr. Tingloff?

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: 32

TINGLOFF
Could you get the blocks?

CHRIS
The blocks?

TINGLOFF
(points to a wheelbarrow down the field)
- it's getting late.

CHRIS'

face falls.

CHRIS
- sure.

She trots dutifully off toward the wheelbarrow. Tory has seen this. She comes up to Tingloff.

TORY
That really sucks.

TINGLOFF
What?

TORY
It's probably the first thing you've said to her in 2 months - are you trying to make her feel like a piece of shit?

TINGLOFF
- of course not.

Both glance toward Chris who is moving the rickety wheelbarrow toward them, having a little trouble with it. Tory is furious. Chris stops at the first hurdles.

TORY
Give her a lane - let her run the trial.

TINGLOFF
What for?

TORY
Because I'm asking you to, and because you've behaved very badly.

Tingloff accepts the rebuke.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2) 32

TINGLOFF
(shouting)
Chris, why don't you take that open lane?

CHRIS

stands in shock by the wheelbarrow.

CHRIS
Me?

TINGLOFF
Yes, you.

She fights her way out of her sweats, trots to the inside, then looks to the outside:

CHRIS
- which open lane?

TINGLOFF

has been talking with Jason.

TINGLOFF
(really annoyed)
- any open lane godammit, all right people let's get going now -
(he holds his watch)
I'll take Tory, Tanya you take Penny, Jan you take Laura, Maureen you take Trish.

He's spoken to several other of the athletes who hold stopwatches.

MAUREEN
(a javelin thrower)
- we don't have a watch on Chris.

TINGLOFF
- don't worry about it.

CHRIS

has heard this. Tory moves over to her, puts a hand on her shoulder.

TORY
- You'll do great, you'll do great. Are you listening to me?

Chris nods but her eyes are glazed with anxiety.

33 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - DAY 33

WIDE ANGLE - FIELD

TINGLOFF
Jason, you ready?

JASON

holds a gun by the start. He starts to nod then glances down at Chris' lane.

JASON
Chris didn't put down her blocks.

TINGLOFF
(seething)
Jesus.

He turns away. Chris is paralyzed with fear.

JASON
(to her)
Go ahead, babe. Get your blocks.

Chris hurries over to the wheelbarrow, fumbles around, pulls out a pair of blocks and shakily places them down, adjusting them - painfully aware that everyone is waiting on her.

TINGLOFF
Well, how about it?

Chris nods even as she continues to adjust the blocks.

JASON
Take your time - we'll wait.

TINGLOFF
(shouting)
Sure, take your time.

CHRIS
I'm ready, I'm ready.

Jason nods. He starts to raise his arm.

34 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - DAY 34

AT THE FINISH LINE - TINGLOFF

stands with the other timers.

TINGLOFF
(warning them)
Okay - gun's up.

WITH JASON

emphasizing Chris in the outside lane closest to him.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: 34

JASON
Runners to your marks - get set -

ANGLE FAVORING JASON & CHRIS

Jason FIRES the gun. Chris digs in and her REAR BLOCK gives way. She falls flat on her face.

WITH HER

as she looks up in absolute panic.

HER POV

The field is about to clear the first hurdle.

JASON

shakes his head.

TINGLOFF

chuckles, shrugs.

CHRIS

gets to her feet, a flash of anger across her face. She takes off frantically.

ANGLE ON RACE

with Chris initially ten yards behind the other hurdlers. She clears the first hurdle and really starts to fly.

ON CHRIS

as she picks up the pace, skimming over the hurdles, seemingly faster over each one, her face set.

SIDE ANGLE

She clears the fifth hurdle, is now only a few yards behind the field, and closing fast.

TINGLOFF

is stunned.

TANYA
(impressed)
- look at that.

.(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2) 34

AT THE LAST HURDLE

Chris as overtaken everyone but Tory and Penny. She closes in on Tory a few yards before the finish, looks as though she'd pass her if there was one more hurdle -

TANYA

punches her watch as Penny crosses. Tory is right behind her.

TINGLOFF

punches his as Chris, not Tory, crosses. He furtively checks the time as he moves down the track.

CHRIS

has run past the finish line and is mumbling angrily to herself, stops, hands on hips and lowers her head between her legs.

CHRIS
(irritated as hell,
head down,
breathing hard)
..shitfuckpissgoddamsonovabitch...

TINGLOFF
You all right?

CHRIS
(not looking up)
..oh yeah, I'm such a dingbat I didn't tighten the rear block -

She suddenly realizes she's talking to Tingloff, lifts her head up.

CHRIS
(continuing;
apologetic)
Oh golly, Mr. Tingloff, I know I can do better, if you'll just give me another chance -

TINGLOFF
- you ought to fall on your face more often.

With that he walks away. Tory has come on over, hugs her, thrilled - she and the other girls have been checking with timers and found out what happened during the above.

CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (3) 34

TORY
- I told you you'd do great and you did!

Penny comes by, "Congratulations, kiddo." Other hurdlers, Jason - all tell her how good she was, what she actually did, how strong she came on at the end. Tory beams. For the first time Chris smiles.

CHRIS
Gee, I was okay, huh?

Tory nods. Then she remembers.

TORY
Hey, Terry, what was my time?

Tingloff is standing in a hurdle lane, apparently lost in thought. He looks up, checks his watch.

TINGLOFF
I'll be goddamned - I missed it. We'll take it off Penny's - c'mon guys, let's finish the workout.

35 INT. SAUNA - DAY 35

TORY, PENNY, CHRIS, TANYA, MAUREEN, SHEILA,

the last being an attractive black longjumper who is a little older and something of a leader on the team. They are almost all nude or have towels loosely draped around them, are unself-consciously examining aches, pains, sore tendons, bruises on themselves and on each other, as they talk, backtalk, kid, are goodnaturedly raucous. Fleetwood Mac can be heard on an o.s. radio.

Nearby are several non-athletes in dramatic contrast - withdrawn, intimidated, carefully covered - two even packaged in plastic wrappers to sweat away unwanted flesh. More or less simultaneously:

PENNY
- for the indoors in Toronto? Seven seven, seven eight.

TORY
(no)
Uh-uh. 8.3 - 8 flat.

PENNY
(surprise)
Really? Well - it's qualifyin' -

TANYA
- he had a curved weenie.

MAUREEN
(after a moment, thoughtfully)
To the left or right?

TANYA
(only a moment)
- to the left.

35 CONTINUED: 35

PENNY
(spots Chris's upper leg and hip)
Jeez, lookit that - your tensor fasciulata -
(touching it)
Great definition.

MAUREEN
That can be a problem.

TANYA
- for a runner maybe.. ..I thought it was kinda nice..

CHRIS
Thank you.

PENNY
Hey, Sheila, look at Chris's tensor fasciulata!

NADIA POUCHER, a black sprinter who is skinny as a pole and very lively comes in, is greeted with cries of "Hey, Pooch."

POOCH
(to Chris)
- really liked the way you run the sticks.

CHRIS
- oh thanks.

POOCH
Tingloff wants to see you when you're outta here.

TORY
What for?

POOCH
- I heard him tell Jason he wants to take her to the Maple Leaf Games.

CHRIS
(overwhelmed)
- but I haven't done a thing since Eugene, Toronto's invitational.

POOCH
That's whrt Jason said.

CHRIS
And what did Tingloff say?

POOCH
He said - 'don't worry about it.'

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2) 35

CHRIS
(thrilled but not ready to accept it)
'Don't worry about it.' - what does that mean?

SHEILA
(rising to go)
It means you got a coach, honey.

TORY
(thrilled for her)
How about that?

A couple more congratulations. Chris is too happy and dazed to respond - Then:

PENNY
Hey, Chris. Know why Chinamen have slant eyes and buck teeth?

CHRIS
- no.

Penny promptly squints her eyes, sticks out her front teeth and fiercely mimes a male masturbating. Laughter from the girls.

CHRIS
(continuing)
...I don't get it.

More laughter. Tory flicks her with a towel.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. LOS ANGELES AIRPORT - NIGHT 36

REDEYE

on rear of jet as it turns, takes off.

37 EXT. TORONTO AIRPORT - DAWN 37

AT DAWN THE REDEYE

lands in Toronto.

38 INT. TORONTO AIRPORT - THE BAGGAGE CAROUSEL - DAY 38

THE BAGGAGE CAROUSEL

slowly moves the luggage past the bleary-eyed team. Chris, Tory, Tingloff et al appear dead on their feet.

39 INT. TORONTO MAPLE LEAF GARDENS - (NIGHT) 39

The crowd swells rapidly.

40 INT. BASEMENT ALCOVE STADIUM - NIGHT 40

partitioned off, a miniature maze of training tables and liniment bottles with athletes being worked over, taped, lectured, etc.

TORY

seated on the floor beneath a training table, carefully cuts out her number from a cumbersome MOLSON BEER AND MAPLE LEAF card, using the tiny scissors from a Swiss army knife.

TINGLOFF'S VOICE
Jan the highjump's over the pole vault, down again, over the long jump - and for you the jump's from the left, don't even know if there's enough room.

REACTION - JAN

a tall gawky girl with glasses.

TINGLOFF & JASON MOVE THRU THE ALCOVE MAZE

to Sheila.

TINGLOFF
(to Sheila)
- honey, the longjump pit ends at the curve of the track - but don't worry about ending up on your ass in the middle of the men's 440 or you won't be aggressive enough - Tory, Penny, Chris - remember - quarter inch spikes, anything longer and you'll be stuck in one place half the night - okay just run your race and don't worry about results, it's early in the season -

Tory has looked up from the floor, Chris has risen to one elbow on the training table above Tory. Tory now pins the streamlined number she had cut out onto her jersey.

CHRIS
(looking down, indicates knife)
- oh, can I borrow that?

TORY
What for? It's done.

40 CONTINUED: 40

She holds up Chris' jersey, with her number already trimmed and pinned to it. Chris shakes her head.

CHRIS
..one of these days.

TORY
One of these days what?

CHRIS
- I'll do something for you.

Tory smiles. She's putting on her warmup shoes. Chris sits up on the table to finish dressing.

TORY
- like what?

CHRIS
Name it.

TORY
(another smile)
- oh - take care of me in my old age.

Chris smiles back but without much conviction.

TORY
(continuing)
Hey - lighten up.

Tory stares at Chris for a moment as Chris' head is obscured while she's slipping into her jersey.

41 INT. MAPLE LEAF GARDENS ELEVATOR - NIGHT 41

A CROWDED SERVICE ELEVATOR WITH TINGLOFF, JASON,

other athletes and a flatcart full of hurdles opens to:

42 INT. MAPLE LEAF GARDENS CORRIDOR - NIGHT 42

SERVICE CORRIDOR FILLED AND CRAMPED WITH ATHLETES

male and female warming up. They dodge carts, hurdles, chairs, gawking riff-raff and each other as they nearly run into walls.

P.A. SPEAKER
(in corridor)
- ladies and gentlemen, the next race, event number 84 on your program, the men's 60 meter hurdles. In lane one, etc.

42 CONTINUED: 42

CHRIS AND TORY

stop their warmup.

CHRIS
All this way - and in 7½ seconds it's over.

TORY
You want it to take longer? - we're next.

CHRIS
Didn't you forget something?

Tory looks perplexed. Chris holds out her index finger. Tory tugs on it, gets a muffled reply and the two jog off. A desperate Penny runs up to Tingloff and Jason.

PENNY
Does anybody have an extra pair of shorts?

TINGLOFF
What for?

PENNY
I just got my period.

43 INT. MAPLE LEAF GARDENS - NIGHT 43

THE RACE

is run. The results aren't clear but the girls embrace and it seems to have gone well for them.

44 INT. YELOVITCH AND ZENK'S HOTEL ROOM - (NIGHT) 44

POST MEET PARTY

held on and between Zenk and Yelovitch's beds in their single room. The party spills over into the bathroom and a connecting single on the other side.

The effect is a moderate version of stuffing a Volkswagon - bodies male and female, black and white, in sweats and out of them on beds, the floor, window sills, dressers - everywhere.

In addition to Yelovitch and Zenk there's the whole panoply of black coked-up sprinters and longjumpers, heron-like highjumpers of both sexes, boisterous shot-putters, blade-like and withdrawn distance runners - in general personalities tending to reflect the nature of the event.

44 CONTINUED: 44

Smoke fills the air - grass and alcohol are the most evident drugs - music intermittent from an unseen and slightly tinny cassette recorder.

YELOVITCH

is standing in a life-jacket and shorts, demonstrating a facet of his throw to a couple of other giants who gravely watch his every move. They all look as immovable as a structural wall for a highrise.

A wiry little man is holding up a newspaper and persistently tapping Yelovitch on the arm - the effect of a gnat on an elephant. Yelovitch and the others continue to talk.

ZENK

runs around in a top hat and sweat pants, a pink balloon poking out from the bottom of his pant leg - the effect, which he never tires of showing, is of a thirty-eight inch cock.

DANCING IN THE BATHROOM

are WILLIE LEE WHITE, a graceful black sprinter, LINDA FUSE, a marginal white distance runner, and ADRIAN DEBEAU, a powerful and potentially violent 400 meter man.

45 INT. YELOVITCH AND ZENK'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 45

CHRIS AND TORY

enter the party, react to the heavy grass in the air, practically reel with it.

TORY
- talk about contact highs..

CHRIS
- really.

WILLIE LEE

spots Tory, comes out from the bathroom to greet her, kisses her warmly on the cheek, touches her lightly on the shoulder. Tory responds with equal warmth.

WILLIE LEE
Hey, babe.

TORY
Hi, Willie Lee. Good race.

Willie Lee shrugs.

45 CONTINUED: 45

WILLIE LEE
Thanks - you look real nice, like always.

TORY
So do you, like always - this is Chris Cahill -

Just as Tory introduces them Adrian comes out, throws his arms around Tory and in marked contrast to Willie Lee, picks her up, gives her a wet kiss on the mouth, and a little crotch action. When he puts her down:

TORY
(continuing; good natured, but with an edge)
Gross, Adrian, gross - like always..

Adrian starts to eye Chris. As he does:

WILLIE LEE
(to Tory)
Good to see you -
(to Adrian)
let's go.

ADRIAN
And do what?

He holds his finger to his nose.

Willie Lee shrugs, as if to say, 'maybe.' After looking at Chris for another moment, Adrian follows Willie Lee back into the bathroom, where they shut the door.

Tory grabs a couple of beers from someone, hands one to Chris.

CHRIS
- you and Willie?

Tory smiles.

TORY
- for awhile.

She takes a joint, and a toke, passes it to Chris.

CHRIS
- he's real cute. Isn't Adrian the guy who was in jail last year?

TORY
-yeah.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (2) 45

CHRIS
- that why you don't like him?

TORY
No -

CHRIS
- then why don't you like him?

TORY
Because that's where he belongs - in jail.

46 INT. YELOVITCH AND ZENK'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 46

still in his lifejacket, now sits on a bed, playing his guitar. It's a blues number about his love for and dependence on a steroid - sung about a lady. Again he's interrupted by the wiry man still holding the paper, tapping Yelovitch. He actually drops the paper on Yelovitch's guitar.

YELOVITCH
(gently)
C'mon, now.

WIRY
I'm telling you I can stand on one half of the paper and you on the other half and you can't hit me.

Yelovitch - with delicacy - hands him his paper back.

ZENK

is passed out on the other bed. His balloon down his pantleg starts to fizzle - and shrivel. It stops at his knee - indicating a member of gargantuan size nevertheless.

MAUREEN

stops cold, stares at Zenk's pantleg.

AFTER A MOMENT ZENK'S

member continues to shrivel on up - it was all air after all.

MAUREEN

takes this in, moves on.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: 46

CHRIS DANCES

with a handsome young man with blonde hair of shoulder length. He's talking non-stop with her.

TORY AND JASON

are talking, drinking, smoking. Tory idly watches Chris and the young man dance by.

CHRIS AND YOUNG MAN

are now dancing very closely, and neither one is saying a word.

TORY AND WILLIE LEE

are talking. She looks again as they dance by, this time holds her gaze.

TORY
(to Willie)
- who's that?

WILLIE LEE
With Chris? Randy van Zile - vaulter from S.C. He's good.

Tory watches them for another moment. She's getting a little ripped and tries hard to focus.

TORY
- hey - how about a little - nose candy?

She sniffs a little. Willie Lee is not too pleased.

WILLIE LEE
- I don't know..

TORY
I won't hurt you Willie Lee..

Willie Lee smiles - they head toward the bathroom.

47 INT. YELOVITCH AND ZENK'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 47

RANDY, CHRIS AND PENNY

are on the floor, Chris and Penny comparing some facet of their hurdling technique - one leg stretched in front of them. Randy is an interested spectator.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: 47

TINGLOFF

moves through the room - spots Jason.

JASON
Hey, where you been?

TINGLOFF
- the Addidas guy, glomming some shoes - how's it going?

Jason nods.

TINGLOFF
(continuing)
- where's Tory? I wanted to -

She emerges from the bathroom with Willie Lee. She's badly ripped and smoking a joint. She comes over to Tingloff, gives him a big kiss. Tingloff eyes the joint, then her.

TINGLOFF
(continuing)
- you comfortable smoking that - here?

TORY
- sure.

TINGLOFF
- I'm not - and I don't like the way you look. You're going to bed.

TORY
Aw, c'mon, Terry, the meet's over -

She staggers.

TINGLOFF
You're going to bed.

TORY
Okay, okay - lemme get Chris.

Before he can stop her she heads over to Chris, Penny and Randy. Jason shakes his head as if to say, I'm sorry - I can't do anything with her. Tingloff nods.

YELOVITCH

is now cornered by the wiry man who is jabbing his fore-finger at Yelovitch's belly, holding his paper and talking to another listening giant.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (2) 47

WIRY
I'm telling you I can stand on one half and this pussy on the other half and he can't hit me - you're afraid to try Mac.

Yelovitch gravely shakes his head.

TORY STANDS OVER CHRIS, PENNY AND RANDY

for a long moment. They look up expectant and a little puzzled.

TORY
...Bedtime..

CHRIS
What?

TORY
Bedtime.

CHRIS
(still puzzled)
What do you mean?

TORY
(a mother to her little girl)
I mean it's time to go to bed.

She reaches down to take Chris' hand and lift her to her feet - loses her balance. Randy steadies her.

RANDY
- easy -

TORY
I don't need any help.

CHRIS
..I'm not sleepy.

TORY
(trying to lift her up again)
Well, I am.

This time Chris pulls her hand back sharply and Tory falls into Zenk, waking him. She gets herself back to her feet. Tingloff comes over.

TORY
(continuing; louder now)
What do you think you're doing?

47 CONTINUED: (3) 47

CHRIS
(very embarrassed now)
..nothing..I mean I'm just not ready to go anywhere - okay?

TINGLOFF
Tory -

TORY
(pulling away from Tingloff)
- No!

Zenk's awake now. He also has no idea what's going on - he's still flat on his back - and barechested.

ZENK
Tory. Tory!

She ignores him. He twists her around and wraps his legs around her.

ZENK
(continuing)
Look - a lady hurdler!

He mashes his belly together until it forms a hairy fissure - then does a couple of vertical moves - and finally one horizontal one - as "she" hurdles. He smiles, pleased with himself. Tory stares down at him.

TORY
Let go of me, butthole.

With that she hits him in the stomach. Zenk is more shocked than anything else. Tingloff jumps right in.

TINGLOFF
(quietly)
I warned you about this. Jason take her to her room.

She doesn't argue. Jason hustles her off as Tingloff goes over to Chris, Penny and Randy.

TINGLOFF
(continuing)
Sorry about that, guys - Chris could I talk to you a second?

Chris glances uneasily at Randy and Penny.

CHRIS
- sure.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED (4) 47

He helps her up. Chris is pale, looks at the carpet as she leans up against the wall. Tingloff leans his head against the wall besides hers, sips a beer.

TINGLOFF
You ran well today.

Chris shrugs. He pokes her gently.

TINGLOFF
No, no, no - you're right where you should be now. It's just...

He trails off, looks away.

CHRIS
What?..what?

TINGLOFF
- Tory.

He glances at Chris who is waiting for more.

TINGLOFF
She's just..she's..she never knows when to quit and sometimes sooner or later that's not so..I guess what I'm saying is I need you to help.

CHRIS
- how?

TINGLOFF (lightly)
- be her friend.

CHRIS
- I am her friend.

TINGLOFF
- well - keep being her friend.... know what I mean?

CHRIS
I know what you're saying.

TINGLOFF (hastily)
Well anyway - congratulations, I'm gonna check up on her - and thanks.

Chris watches him leave quickly. She slowly leans back against the wall.

48 INT. YELOVITCH AND ZENK'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 48

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: 48

THE WIRY MAN

jostles Chris as he grabs the tail of Yelovitch's t-shirt, trying to spin him around - to no effect. Yelovitch slowly turns on his own.

WIRY
All right how about this, chickenshit - ten bucks against a gram of coke you can't hit me if I stand on one half of the newspaper and you stand on the other half.

YELOVITCH
Well... if you insist.

Zenk has heard and watches with interest. The wiry man promptly goes to the bathroom door. He opens it and places the newspaper across the floor between living room and bathroom. He smugly gestures for Yelovitch to come to the door - stands on his half of the paper resting on the bathroom side. When Yelovitch approaches the wiry man CLOSES the bathroom door in Yelovitch's face.

REACTION YELOVITCH

staring at the closed door and half the newspaper poking out under the door.

WIRY MAN'S VOICE
(cackling)
Okay, Mac - anytime you're ready.

Yelovitch takes another look at the door, turns to Zenk, shrugs - then SLAMS his fist INTO and THRU the bathroom door.

ON THE OTHER SIDE

his fist SHATTERS the door and connects with the wiry man's face, knocking him across the bathroom and into the shower curtain which covers him like a shroud as he collapses into the tub.

49 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK PARKING LOT - DAY 49

It sputters and spews its way to the track parking lot.

CHRIS' VOICE
Thought you changed the fuel pump.

TORY'S VOICE
I did. Twenty-seven bucks.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: 49

The Falcon groans to a halt, shakes and smokes. After a moment it kicks over a couple of more times. Then Chris opens the door to get out.

TORY'S VOICE
Wait. Talk to me a minute.

CHRIS
(holding door open)
What about?

TORY'S VOICE
The other night.

Pooch and Penny trot by the car. Pooch calls out. Chris waves. Other team members periodically pass the car. It makes Chris progressively more edgy.

50 INT. FALCON - CAL POLY TRACK PARKING LOT - DAY 50

CHRIS
(closing door)
..I don't have anything to say.

TORY
Well I do. I'm sorry I was such a butthole, I don't know what got into me. I'm sorry..okay?

She takes Chris' hand, squeezes it. Tanya moves past the car. Chris withdraws her hand casually - Tory notices the move relative to Tanya.

CHRIS
- sure. I just didn't understand why you got so angry.

TORY
You didn't?

CHRIS
No.

TORY
You didn't understand.

CHRIS
No, I didn't understand.

A moment.

TORY
...I think you do.

CHRIS
Oh. God! Can we go work out?

50 CONTINUED: 50

TORY
Do whatever you want!

CHRIS
(right back)
That's just it. I can't! I can't stop worrying about you!

TORY
What about me?

CHRIS
- what you're thinking, what you think I think, what you want - everything!

TORY
(amused but not amused)
- hmmm.

CHRIS
(picking up on it, pointedly:)
- hmmm?

TORY
You worry about what everybody thinks - why should you be different with me?

CHRIS
I guess I'm not.

She starts out of the car.

TORY
There's only one thing to do Chris - see other people.

CHRIS
See other people? What are you talking about?

TORY
Either we're together or we're not together.

CHRIS
Jesus Christ, Tory, we're friends.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (2) 50

TORY
Yeah, we may be friends but every little once in a while we also fuck each other - and you can't face that. It hurts - and pain is pain and to do anything you got to live with it and you can't and I can't make you. Either you move out or I move out and we really are friends.

CHRIS
- no.

TORY
No?

Chris is clearly stunned by Tory.

CHRIS
- I..I..need to be around you, I need to know you're there..I..just need to be around you.

Tory smiles tightly.

TORY
Oh hell, don't worry. We'll still work out together.

CHRIS
No that's not it you make me feel like I can really do something, like I'm really gonna do..I just need you...

She trails off clutching at Tory's hand. Tory stares at Chris' white-knuckled hand over hers. With mild disgust:

TORY
- for what?

Chris continues to stare at her own lap. Tory impatiently turns away and looks out the window. Finally, a whisper:

CHRIS
I just need you.

Tory mutters 'oh, fuck' at the seeming tepid response and starts out of the car. She's jerked back by the fierce grip Chris has on her hand. Surprised and annoyed she turns on Chris.

CHRIS

stares back trembling, then finally has to look down again - still grips Tory's hand

50 CONTINUED; (3)

TORY

tries to hold out but her resolve finally breaks.

TORY
All right, weirdo, let's go work out. C'mon, c'mon, c'mon -

Chris nods gratefully and the two bounce out of the car.

51 EXT. LOS ANGELES AIRPORT - NIGHT 51

THE REDEYE MOVING DOWN THE RUNWAY AGAIN

52 EXT. CALI, COLOMBIA - AIRPORT - DAY 52

THE PLANE LANDS.

53 EXT. INTERNATIONALE HOTEL - CALI - (DAY) 53

ESTABLISHING SHOT.

54 INT. INTERNATIONALE FRIENDSHIP ROOM - DAY 54

A SEA OF HEADS

bob up and down as athletes and managers try to maintain consciousness while they sit on folding chairs.

MANAGER'S VOICE
(THRU MIKE)
- okay, Cali Colombia has a few more unexpected things to offer - including Montezuma's revenge. Ha, ha.
(no response)
But Doc Banks'll have more to say about that. Doc?..let's hear it for Doc.

A few half-hearted claps.

BANKS

rises from his seat and makes his way to the podium. He wears an ineffectual smile and waves to the crowd as if to thunderous applause.

SLEEPING HEADS OF TANYA, POOCH,

and others, now nakedly crapped out. Zenk snores.

COLIN SALES' VOICE
- you are ambassadors of your country - sportsmanship and goodwill on the field - adult behavior off it -

CLOSE COLIN

prim and perfect as a plastic flower in his blue blazer.

COLIN SALES
- the host country is giving you its best, let's give them our best. Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: 54

There's a massive rush for the door. The manager frantically leans into the mike.

MANAGER
- hold it people, women's team remain here - Nellie Bowdeen would like to officially welcome you.

There are a few audible moans.

55 INT. INTERNATIONALE FRIENDSHIP ROOM - DAY 55

CLOSE - NELLIE BOWDEEN

the women's chaperon is at the mike. She's heavily made up, given to wearing red, and in manner is somewhere between a Sunday school teacher and a bull-dyke.

NELLIE
- now ladies, when we go shopping, don't wear jewelry in the streets. The natives are liable to rip it right off your back, and - oh yes, no visine, no scented tampax they show up on dope tests - and no men. Any woman found out after curfew or found with a man at any time in the women's compound will be sent home on the first available commercial flight - no exceptions, girls.

56 EXT. WOMEN'S COMPOUND - CALI, COLOMBIA - (DAY) 56

A functional four story structure located among older buildings at the outskirts of the city. There's a sign BIENVENIDAS AMERICANAS, or words to that effect.

57 INT. WOMEN'S COMPOUND - DAY 57

THE EXHAUSTED ATHLETES ARE IN A STATE OF SHOCK.

TORY

stares at unfinished concrete floors with a few empty oil drums. Chris sniffs the air, wrinkles her nose.

CHRIS
Smells like kerosene.

Tory kicks one of the cans. It bangs into a wall, knocking away damp plaster, leaking oil.

TORY
It is kerosene.

58 INT. COMPOUND DORMITORY - BEDROOM - DAY 58

MAUREEN

watches while Tanya tries out one of our tiny bunkbeds. Her head and feet hang over both ends. Penny comes bounding in.

PENNY
- where's the john, I've gotta pee so bad -

59 INT. COMPOUND DORMITORY - BATHROOM 59

PENNY

stops where the toilet is supposed to be - there's simply a capped pipe with water oozing thru the cap and dripping into the concrete floor.

PENNY
Jeez -

60 EXT. HOTEL INTERNATIONALE - BALCONY - DAY 60

overlooking the city. Colin Sales, and two Columbians are seated, finishing a lush late afternoon luncheon. RUSS COFFEY, the women's head coach and Tingloff, his assistant, are there, Tingloff pacing the balcony. Sales is trying to maintain his aplomb.

SALES
(to Columbian)
Jorge, what's this about the kerosene?

JORGE
Momentito.

He turns to his fellow Columbian and engages in a lively and lengthy exchange.

JORGE
(continuing; finally - to Sales)
It is fodaratz.

SALES
Fodaratz? I don't understand.

TINGLOFF
Rats, Colin, rats - you know - the kind that run up your dress.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: 60

JORGE
(his English is not great)
Yes at the last moment we discovered a very important infestation of rats.

Jorge smiles. Tingloff glances around.

TINGLOFF
(he leaves)
Nice place you've got here, Colin.

SALES
Now just a minute - admittedly there was some confusion about when the women's compound had to be completed.

RUSS
Same time as the men's I would've thought - Resolve this by tonight Colin, or these girls will not compete. That's a promise.

Russ nods, follows Tingloff on out.

61 EXT. JEWELRY STORY - CALI - DAY 61

NELLIE BOWDEEN

and a dozen female athletes can be seen thru the store window. She hands her latest acquisition to Maureen to carry. As they walk thru the streets the relatively tiny Columbian population stop and gape at the contingent of Amazons.

PENNY
Jesus, I feel like King Kong.

TANYA
Imagine how I feel.

CHRIS
When do we get to work out?

TORY
As soon as this cow finishes shopping.

They move on, pass a little fruit stand. Chris stops, grabs a mango and begins munching it as she hurries to catch up with the group.

62 EXT. WOMEN'S COMPOUND - (NIGHT) 62

Busses carrying athletes pull up and they pile out, half in, half out of their sweats - obviously having come from a workout. B.g. Tingloff supervises a small army of Columbians who are - with varying degrees of efficiency carrying toilet bowls, glass panes, other pieces of plumbing.

63 INT. WOMEN'S COMPOUND DORM BEDROOM - (NIGHT) 63

Someone's snoring - an occasional toilet can be heard flushing, mingling with the traffic sounds thru the open window. Then someone moaning softly. Then the toilet flushing again - only this time the sound continues. The sound causes some stirring and grumbling - 'somebody fix that...if you want a plumber, try the yellow pages.'

64 EXT. CALI STREET AND HOTEL INTERNATIONALE - NIGHT 64

PENNY BRILL

runs thru the streets, deftly dodging cars, pedestrians, etc. She reaches the Hotel Internationale entrance and races on in, practically knocking down the doorman.

65 INT. HOTEL INTERNATIONALE CORRIDOR - NIGHT 65

PENNY WITH DOC OWEN BANKS

who is half-hanging out of his robe.

PENNY
(moving into room)
Dr. Banks, please, you've got to come right now -

BANKS
(stopping her entry)
Wait there, young lady.

He disappears and can be heard rummaging around. Penny grows progressively more nervous as she waits.

PENNY
(calling into room)
- she's supposed to compete tomorrow if she doesn't die first... I actually think she's dying... Jeez, how long does it take to get your pants on?

Banks re-emerges - still half-hanging out of his robe. He's carrying a bottle. Penny is shocked.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: 65

PENNY
Kaopectate? She's puking her guts out.

BANKS
These things have to run their course, it's best she get it out of her system.

Behind Banks a little female Columbian head whisks by in a man's pajama top that hangs down to her knees. She giggles, mumbles something. Finds the bathroom at last. Banks ignores the action. Penny doesn't.

PENNY
Doc Banks - do you have piles?

BANKS
(mildly indignant)
No.

PENNY
Yeah - everybody says you're a perfect asshole.

BANKS
(calmly shutting door)
She'll be fine in the morning.

66 INT. WOMEN'S COMPOUND - BATHROOM - NIGHT 66

TORY HOLDS CHRIS

under the shower, actually a gush of water coming out of a naked pipe. She pulls her out of it, wraps a towel around her, sets her down on the foam rubber she pulled off the cot.

CHRIS
- you've got to take me outside. Just out in the air somewhere.

TORY
- I can't.

CHRIS
I'm burning up.

As soon as she says this she starts to shiver.

TORY
And now you're freezing.

She wraps a thin blanket around Chris - who starts to double up with cramps again. She reaches out, squeezes Tory's hand. Tory squeezes back.

66 CONTINUED: 66

PENNY'S VOICE
- this is the best we can do.

Tory looks up, Chris can't. She sees a disheveled Penny with Sheila and behind her are the two big girls - Tanya and Maureen - flanking what looks like a slender woman in a local strawhat and U.S.A. woman's sweat suit. Tanya takes off the hat, revealing a dark-skinned young man of about twenty with an Indian-like coarseness to his face. He looks wildly topheavy.

TANYA
Raoul.

TORY
Raoul. He's a doctor?

PENNY
Look, Tingloff can't be reached.

TORY
Why not?

PENNY
For one thing we can't work the fucking phones.

TORY
Well - well who is he?

SHEILA
Assistant to the Columbian team's manager - but he's a pre-med student.

PENNY
We told him she had diarrhea and cramps. He seems to understand.

TORY
Seems? He doesn't speak English? Oh God -

CHRIS
(in great spasms of pain)
- somebody's got to do..something.

Raoul touches the back of Chris' neck, holds it for a moment. Then tries to get her to stretch out. She cries in pain. He tenderly touches her abdomen, on the right side.

RAOUL
..hurt or not hurt you say please.

66 CONTINUED: (2) 66

Chris nods. He pushes her abdomen slowly - releases his hand quickly. It doesn't hurt her. He checks the skin there, holds the back of his hand against it, mumbles 'no calor.' Then a spasm hits her again. Raoul nods, fishes into his pocket and pulls out a little stone with a hole in it, lights it, puffs - hands it to Chris.

PENNY
What's that?

TORY
Are you kidding? It's dope.
What're you trying to do to her?
Ask him what he thinks he's doing.

She's directed this to Sheila, who manages a question. Raoul replies - briefly and word 'opium' can be heard.

SHEILA
- he says she's got food poisoning and the best thing for it..is opium ...says it'll stop the cramps and make her sleepy and won't show up on the tests.

Tory's hesitant.

CHRIS
..it can't be worse.

Tory nods. Raoul gives her the smoking stone and lights it again. He indicates she take deep breaths and hold it. She does.

TORY
- you guys just split - if anybody's gonna be caught with this stuff, the fewer the better.

Sheila thanks Raoul. Tanya puts the straw hat back on his head.

RAOUL
Good luck.

67 INT. WOMEN'S COMPOUND - BATHROOM - NIGHT 67

WITH TORY AND CHRIS

Chris taking another deep puff.

CHRIS
..it's better, Oh God, it's better.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: 67

She sinks back, and Tory holds her.

TORY
Do one more.

Chris does. She's covered with perspiration now. Tory reaches over, gets a damp towel, puts it on Chris' forehead. A long moment while Tory looks down at Chris, watching her.

CHRIS
..I'm so tired..why am I still doing this?

Chris is beginning to relax and float with the opium.

TORY
Because..you love it.

CHRIS
It's a great high.

TORY
..the greatest...

CHRIS
..even the workouts -

Tory wipes the perspiration away again. Chris shuts her eyes.

TORY
You're gonna be just fine.

Tory tucks in the blanket and starts to rise. Chris sits bolt upright.

CHRIS
(panicked)
Where are you going?

TORY
Just - to lie down for a minute.

CHRIS
Please don't. Don't leave me, don't let me go to sleep, don't let go of me.

She starts to cry. Tory kneels down, takes her in her arms. Chris clutches her fiercely and continues to sob.

TORY
Okay, okay.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (2) 67

CHRIS
Oh, thank you. I'm sorry but I'm so scared.

Tory settles back down. Leans up against the wall, pulls Chris into her.

TORY
Don't talk. We'll play a game. We'll pretend you're a little girl and you're home from school and you don't feel so hot and you're with your mother...now what would she do?

CHRIS
(settling down)
..she'd..oh she'd read to me. Or sing - or tell me a story.

TORY
What kind of story?

CHRIS
..a story..one she knew I wanted to hear.

Tory holds her a little closer. She lowers her voice slightly as one does in telling a story to a child you hope will go to sleep.

TORY
Okay..well, once upon a time in a kingdom far away there was this tall, slender, sensitive blonde... pole vaulter - with - green eyes..

Chris smiles, reaches up to touch Tory.

CHRIS
How'd you know I like polevaulters?

TORY
(amused herself)
Oh - I noticed.

CHRIS
(dreamily)
...yeah...they've got..such..great.. deltoids..and what's more - they've got great poles.

DISSOLVE TO:

67 CONTINUED: (3) 67

DURING DISSOLVE:

TORY'S VOICE
(singing)
Make new friends but keep the old,
one is silver and the other's gold..

68 INT. WOMEN'S COMPOUND - BATHROOM - MORNING 68

TORY AND CHRIS

are both asleep. Tory scrunched against the wall, half-sitting, Chris in her lap. Tory's eyes open - winces when she turns her neck. She looks down at Chris.

CHRIS

is sleeping, her brow smooth and dry.

69 EXT. CALI STADIUM - DAY 69

AT THE STADIUM THE GUN

is in the air. It goes off.

TORY

is out of the blocks for the 100 meter hurdles. She hits the third hurdle and loses her stride, falling behind the leader.

REACTION TINGLOFF.

70 EXT. CALI STADIUM - DAY 70

ACROSS THE SHOTPUT CIRCLE TORY

moves, throws and <u>fouls</u>.

REACTION CHRIS

miserable as she stops warming up to watch Tory as Tingloff chews her out.

CLOSE TORY AND TINGLOFF

Tory looking beat. The crowd sounds are intrusive.

TINGLOFF
(almost shouting)
- I don't care how you feel. You've got two more events and you're going to finish. No athlete of mine, unless they've broken something, is going to dnf.

Chris moves into SHOT

70 CONTINUED: 70

CHRIS
(to Tingloff)
- look, it's my fault -

TINGLOFF
(turning on Chris)
You're sick and she can't perform? What is this shit? By the way, you've got a race to run, or are you gonna bother?

CHRIS
Yes, I'm gonna bother.

TINGLOFF
Then warm up.

71 EXT. CALI STADIUM - DAY 71

CHRIS STANDS IN HER LANE

stripped to her running top and shorts, shaking her legs. The starter calls everyone to their blocks. Chris glances over at Tingloff who makes some gesture of encouragement. She ignores it, gets set in her blocks. The gun fires and Chris takes off like a shot. She's over the first hurdle ahead of the field.

RUSS COFFEY WATCHES WITH TINGLOFF

COFFEY
- that's some start.

AT THE FIFTH HURDLE PENNY

begins to make her move. She catches Chris at the sixth hurdle. The two run stride for stride several yards ahead of everyone. They clear the last hurdle and are dead even as they race for the finish.

AT THE TAPE CHRIS

leans, breaks it and beats Penny by a few hundredths of a second. The two girls continue down the chute, go all floppy, and fall into each other's arms.

Both girls are surrounded by their teammates. Chris finds Tory, gives her a bearhug, picks her up off the ground.

72 EXT. CALI STADIUM - DAY 72

AS CHRIS PUTS ON HER SWEATS TINGLOFF

comes by. Chris sees him, continues dressing.

72 CONTINUED: 72

TINGLOFF
I got you in 13.32. You ought to get food poisoning more often.

CHRIS
Thank you and fuck you.

TINGLOFF
What's that mean?

CHRIS
(seething)
- it means the way you handled Tory was real chickenshit. She's responsible for my performance today - not you, not me. Tory.

Tingloff looks at Chris a moment, nods, smiles slightly.

TINGLOFF
...well, be sure and congratulate her will you? - she ran a hell of a race.

Tingloff walks away from Chris, leaving her suddenly more puzzled than indignant.

73 INT. HOTEL INTERNATIONALE - GRAND BALL ROOM - NIGHT 73

A MARIACHI BAND

looking a little disorganized, plays very loud and bad rock and roll music in the GRAND BALLROOM of the Hotel Internationale. They make music on a podium above an abandoned horseshoe banquet table covered with dessert dishes, beer and wine bottles, and little trophies.

AAU officials and their Columbian counterparts, athletes from all the countries, including Zenk, Yelovitch, Chris, Tory, and the others from San Luis Obispo mingle, dance, drink, and spill over into an adjacent room. The most raucous displays of drunkenness come not from the athletes but from the officials.

74 INT. HOTEL INTERNATIONALE - GRAND BALLROOM - NIGHT 74

CHRIS AND TORY

move thru the crowd holding drinks. Chris is repeatedly congratulated. Tingloff comes by, takes Chris by the arm.

TINGLOFF
- some people I'd like you to meet, okay?

74 CONTINUED: 74

Tory points to the next room, indicates she'll be there. Tingloff leads Chris into a pocket of officials, all male and older, who fawn over her and congratulate her. Less thrilled by their interest than the interest of her peers, Chris suddenly brightens and smiles as she looks over the stooped shoulders of the AAU officials. She silently mouths the words 'thank you.'

THRU THE CROWD RANDY VAN ZILE

the pole vaulter she'd danced with in Toronto, nods and smiles. He moves to her and she towards him.

VAN ZILE
(softly)
Listen I...

GIRL'S VOICE
Randy. Randy, Russ says you have to get your poles off the bus right now - it's leaving.

Van Zile turns toward a perky little blonde who stands peremptorily at his side.

VAN ZILE
Tell 'em I'll be right over, Kim, could you?
(to Chris)
Could you sort of wait here? I'd like to see you. I've been wanting to see you for six months, okay?

CHRIS
(pleased)
- okay.

Van Zile follows the perky blonde. Chris watches him go. The band starts up again, dancers move by. Chris is tapped on her shoulder. She turns swiftly and expectantly around. Her face falls.

ADRIAN DEBEAU

flashily dressed, and very loaded stands in front of her. They talk thru a heavy rock number.

DEBEAU
Adrian. Adrian Debeau. Toronto. Willie Lee - you were with Tory Skinner. You don't remember.

CHRIS
Sure. Sure I remember.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED: (2) 74

DEBEAU
(smiles)
You was one fast mama today - uhh -

CHRIS
Chris. Thank you.

DEBEAU
Fast.

CHRIS
Thanks.

DEBEAU
(winks)
I mean, fast, know what I mean?

CHRIS
Sure, I think so.

DEBEAU
- fast.

CHRIS
- well, gee, not that fast.

Debeau laughs.

DEBEAU
- yeah. Well fast enough uhh -

CHRIS
Chris. Could you excuse me?

DEBEAU
Yeah Chris. No Chris, this is not easy for me..you know about Willy Lee and Tory?

He's placed his hand lightly but firmly on her shoulder, stopping her. He smiles pleasantly.

CHRIS
What about them?

DEBEAU
What about them?

CHRIS
Yes, what about them?

Debeau takes her into his arms, starts to dance with her, moving her across the floor toward the band and a small stage.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED: (3) 74

CHRIS
(continuing)
Wait a minute -

DEBEAU
(suddenly intense)
Know how they broke up?

CHRIS
No not exactly - why do you have to talk to me about that?

DEBEAU
- well.. I think you can help.

CHRIS
How - wasn't it Willy Lee's idea?

DEBEAU
Well it was and it wasn't. He was trying to protect Tory, understand? You lookin' for someone?

Chris has been nervously scanning the room - in the direction van Zile exited. As Debeau dances with her he's moved her further and further away from where she's seen van Zile and toward the stage.

CHRIS
Not exactly.

75. INT. HOTEL INTERNATIONALE - GRAND BALLROOM - NIGHT 75

VAN ZILE

has re-emerged is looking thru the crowd, spots Penny Brill.

VAN ZILE
Hey.

PENNY
Hey. Randy!

VAN ZILE
Listen, you see your friend? The hurdler, you know she won today. She -

PENNY
No shit?

INT. BALLROOM

Van Zile suddenly spots her dancing thru the crowd with Debeau - near the band, almost to the side of the stage.

75 CONTINUED: 75

VAN ZILE
- oh sorry - I mean good to see you.

He moves on, leaving Penny staring uncertainly toward the stage and Chris and Debeau.

76 INT. HOTEL INTERNATIONALE - GRAND BALLROOM - NIGHT 76

DEBEAU

is angling her thru the crowd toward a half open door near the stage - circuit boards on the wall, speakers, spare podiums can be glimpsed in the tiny room.

DEBEAU
- sure you ain't lookin' for someone?

CHRIS
- no. I mean yes. I mean how big a problem is this?

DEBEAU
Big.

A LONGER ANGLE THRU THE CROWD

from approximately the same vantage point Penny has been looking at them. Debeau suddenly whirls Chris into the room by the stage and slams the door.

77 INT. HOTEL INTERNATIONALE - UTILITY ROOM - NIGHT 77

DEBEAU LEANING UP AGAINST THE DOOR,

Chris is backed up against a spare podium. Speakers surround her, a brace of electrical circuits and wiring on the wall at her back.

DEBEAU
- only thing is it's my problem. Hey, hey, hey - I ain't gonna hurt you -

He moves to her, picks her up by her buns and sets her on a waist high speaker, hugs her.

DEBEAU
(continuing)
- I'm just givin' you the excuse you need. You gotta have an excuse. Take it.

CHRIS
I don't want any excuse, I swear to God, please let me out.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: 77

INT. UTILITY ROOM

Chris flips over backwards with remarkable agility and tries for the door. Adrian cuts her off.

DEBEAU
(laughing)
Hey, that's bad - now just drop those jeans, it'll bo so nice, I don't hurt my mamas, you'll be gone and back before you know it.

Chris is now backed up against the electrical circuits eyeing a mike and one of the podiums. Debeau is moving carefully to her.

78 INT. HOTEL INTERNATIONALE - GRAND BALLROOM - NIGHT 78

PENNY

has been looking thru the party. Finally spots Willie Lee, Tory and Sheila. They look up.

PENNY
Adrian's got Chris in some room by the band.

WILLIE LEE
So?

Lights in the ballroom suddenly flicker - the room goes black, the electrical instruments in the band go wonky, people yell - the lights flash on and off and on. Willie Lee is on his feet and moving.

79 INT. HOTEL INTERNATIONALE - GRAND BALL ROOM - NIGHT 79

WILLIE LEE TORY PENNY & SHEILA

Willie Lee at the door, glancing nervously toward the band. Willie Lee smiles.

WILLIE LEE
(exuding confidence)
It's okay - just -
(to Adrian)
C'mon you fool, the whole damn ballroom knows you're in there - you hear me Adrian, you made it like a fuckin' air raid out here - open up.

The door opens, the band resumes playing.

80 INT. UTILITY ROOM - NIGHT 80

CHRIS

is still backed up against the wall, her cheeks stained with tears and eyeliner - but holding the heavy mike

80 CONTINUED: 80

Debeau's left ear is bleeding.

WILLIE LEE
You fool you fool - what you trying to do?

DEBEAU
(outraged)
Hey, this mama's got some nerve, gettin' me in here, gettin' me all heated up -
(to Chris)
You can get people in trouble this way mama, know that?

TORY
Bullshit.

DEBEAU
You weren't here. You don't know.

TORY
I know you Adrian.

DEBEAU
Maybe. But maybe what you don't know is she's getting tired of you. Maybe.

Debeau winks. Tory stares for a long moment, trying to keep from shaking. Then easily:

TORY
Well then, she should go for Willie Lee here - not a dumb boogie like you.

Adrian backhands Tory. Tory's lip is cut and bleeds. She instantly hits him with a right that is powerful enough to stagger him. Adrian's full power erupts. He smashes Tory into the wall and begins to pummel her, knocking her to the floor. Both Willie Lee and Chris try to drag the powerful Adrian off her. They hit the wall circuits again.

81 INT. HOTEL INTERNATIONALE - GRAND BALLROOM - NIGHT 81

Lights flashing again - one of the band moves to the door of the utility room, opens it - is steamrollered by Willie Lee, Adrian, Tory and Chris - all entangled with one another, falling over a speaker, ending up sprawled among members of the band who hit more than a few sour notes under the impact.

FADE TO:

82 INT. HOTEL INTERNATIONALE - GRAND BALLROOM - DAY 82

COLIN SALES

dressed in a blue blazer and with a severe knot in his tie presides over a hearing. There are some half-dozen AAU officials, Nellie Bowdeen the women's chaperon, Russ Coffey, the women's coach, and Ken Busher, the men's coach. The two coaches are less formally dressed and sit slightly apart from the officials. All of them seem dwarfed by the horseshoe banquet tables - now stripped to the wood - that held so many people the night before.

ADRIAN DEBEAU

neatly dressed in his red, white and blue orlon AAU travel suit, makes a vivid and humbel contrast with his flamboyant dress and manner of the previous night. He talks softly, articulates with excessive care. He stands patiently.

AAU OFFICIAL'S VOICE
You're certain Chris Cahill invited you to follow her into the storeroom?

DEBEAU
(apparently embarrassed)
Yes sir.

COFFEY
You're sure about that, Adrian?

DEBEAU
Oh yes, coach. I am in no position to mess around, and consequently I am a very careful person.

Coffey nods. An AAU official leans over. Quietly, to Sales:

AN OFFICIAL
There goes our invitation for next year.

Someone whispers to Nellie a question about Chris - along the lines of how well does she know her.

SALES
(quietly, to Busher)
Gee, coach, I'm so - Adrian seemed to be finding himself - he seemed so conscientious, so dedicated, so -

He gropes here.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: 82

BUSHER
(jumping in)
- oh for sure, Colin, He's been, well yesterday he ran the fastest four hundred in the world this year.

SALES
(to Coffey)
- by the way, coach, how come your gal Skinner dnf'd? Boy, did she dnf.

COFFEY
(above a whisper)
I thought we were discussing what they did off the field, not on it. If this is going to be dealt with on the basis of whether Adrian Debeau ran a :45 flat or a :44.7 yesterday I'd like to know now, Colin.

BUSHER
Golly Russ, that's not fair.

COFFEY
(right back)
No, it's not.

SALES
Now let's keep an even keel here -

83 INT. HOTEL INTERNATIONALE - GRAND BALLROOM - DAY 83

IN THE REAR OF THE BALLROOM TORY, CHRIS, TINGLOFF, WILLIE LEE

have been listening. Tory looks like she's about to burst with rage.

TINGLOFF
(whispering with machine-gun intensity to Tory)
- all that anybody saw was you and Adrian fighting and destroying hotel property.

CHRIS
(whispering)
What about us?

TINGLOFF
(whispering back)
- the rest of you were trying to stop the fight. The AAU has no quarrel with that.

83 CONTINUED: 83

WILLIE LEE
What about how it started?

TINGLOFF
(nearly an explosion)
What the fuck difference does it make? She's gonna have to apologize.

TORY
Apologize? Apologize? Apologize? She almost got raped and I almost got killed!

The AAU officials look up. They've heard Tory's outburst, though not precisely what she's said.

TINGLOFF
(quiet desperation)
Tory, grow up. You know those people.

Tory shakes her head.

TINGLOFF
(continuing)
Apologize or you won't be competing.

She looks sharply at Tingloff.

TORY
You're a fuckhead. It's your ass you're worried about.
(loud and clear)
You're a fuckhead!

Tingloff slinks a bit in his chair. The AAU officials are poised expectantly for more fireworks. Jason moves quickly to Tory, grabs her by the shoulders and blocks her from their view.

JASON
(spitting it out)
Just like all of us you got a few years to run and jump and whatnot - they'll take those years away. They've done it before. Now Adrian's gonna come over and take your hand - You get up and you walk up to that table and you apologize with him. They don't do what you do. They don't care. They got you.

Tory has been strongly affected by Jason, but still shakes her head no.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED: (2) 83

DEBEAU

has looked at Jason who doesn't not react to Debeau's silent question. Debeau slowly moves toward Tory who begins to shake slightly at his approach.

THE AAU OFFICIALS

have quieted down, wait expectantly for the confrontation.

TINGLOFF, JASON, ET AL

watch nervously.

DEBEAU

has reached Tory, who remains seated. The two stare at one another, Debeau trying to read her. He offers his hand. She lets it hang there for a long long moment. Debeau is perspiring, but manages a smile, leans down so he's inches from her face.

DEBEAU
You got to. Look up there and face it - to them, you're just another nigger. And furthermore, you ain't even as valuable a nigger as I am... I'm eatin' shit either way - all I'm trying to do now is save your ass -

He moves his hand a little closer. Tory slowly takes Adrian's hand and rises.

84 INT. HOTEL INTERNATIONALE - GRAND BALLROOM - DAY 84

DEBEAU AND TORY

as they face the officials.

DEBEAU
I furthermore wish to apologize to my teammates and the host country and the hotel for letting an intemperate remark make me forget myself with Tory.

Debeau has turned to her when he says this. Tory in turn looks to Debeau.

TORY
(with real feeling)
Sure, Adrian, I understand that things got out of hand..I'm sorry too.

85 INT. 707 - DAY 85

TINGLOFF WALKS DOWN THE AISLE OF A 707

trying to balance two cups of coffee during a slightly bumpy flight. He is blocked by a group of athletes, all of whom seem to be looking at the aisle floor.

TINGLOFF
(to an athlete on the arm of an aisle seat)
What's going on down there?

Tingloff cranes and squeezes his way to see:

CHRIS AND TANYA

armwrestling in the aisle. As partisans encourage the combatants, e.g. 'Go for it Chris!', 'that chick is stronger than she looks.' Chris more than holds her own with the much larger and more obviously muscular Tanya. Tanya looks up in disbelief to Tory. Tory laughs.

TORY
- told you so.

THE ATHLETE ON THE CHAIR

jumps as Tingloff has spilt coffee on his knee.

ATHLETE
- hey, watch it. I said watch it.

TINGLOFF
- oh - sorry.

Tingloff virtually ignores the fact that he's spilt half a cup of coffee on the athlete's pantleg - continues to stare with great interest at the ongoing struggle at his feet between Chris and Tanya.

DISSOLVE:

86 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - SUNSET

ON THE TRACK AT SAN LUIS OBISPO CHRIS AND PENNY AND TORY

are jogging at sunset. Zenk's retch can be heard.

PENNY
- ah, the end of another day.

TINGLOFF

is with Sheila at the longjump pit, glances toward them.

86 CONTINUED: 86

CHRIS IS STRETCHING

on a tall steeple hurdle, straightens when Tingloff comes up.

She promptly does a pretzel and turns away from Tingloff. Tingloff nods.

TINGLOFF
- who's the Indian?

CHRIS
(turning back)
Indian?

TINGLOFF
- mother or father?

CHRIS
Mother.

TINGLOFF
Shoshone? Keep going.

Chris has stopped - a little surprised.

CHRIS
Juanino - offshoot of Shoshone.

TINGLOFF
From San Juan Capistrano.

Chris is really surprised. Tingloff suddenly grabs her legs, turns her upside down, shaking her long legs loose as they talk.

TINGLOFF
Still pissed? Relax...you know you're something of an embarrassment to me.

CHRIS
An embarrassment?

TINGLOFF
Yeah an embarrassment. Anyway - how about a full ride next year, tuition, room, board, everything.

CHRIS
Are you kidding?

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: 86

CHRIS & TINGLOFF (CONTINUED)

TINGLOFF
(holding her as she squirms)
I said relax. You'll have to stay the summer and work out with me -

CHRIS
Sure, sure, sure -

TINGLOFF
And starting next year I want you to do penthathlon.

Chris stops squirming. Her legs go limp. Tingloff holds on, continues to stare down at her.

TINGLOFF
- something wrong with that?

CHRIS
I..don't think I can do it.

TINGLOFF
(grunts, then)
- you've got more speed than you or anybody knows about, strength to body weight that's unreal, I misjudged it all and that's that - isn't it? or is it?..there's room for more than one pentathlete in the country, babe.

CHRIS
What do you mean?

TINGLOFF
If Tory goes to the games, that leaves room for two more.

CHRIS
I wasn't thinking about that.

TINGLOFF
Of course not.

CHRIS
I wasn't.

TINGLOFF (amused)
I'm agreeing with you.

86 CONTINUED: 86

CHRIS & TINGLOFF (CONTINUED)

Despite herself, Chris smiles back.

CHRIS
Think you know it all, don't you?

TINGLOFF
Not all - see I don't know what scares you more - getting beat by Tory - or beating her.

Chris looks up, half-laughing, half-angry. She says something like, 'you son of a bitch', as she takes a swing at Tingloff. Tingloff jerks on her legs at the last minute so the blow misses him. He takes off laughing.

TINGLOFF
(over his shoulder)
- Moscow in '80, Moscow in '80...

87 INT. CHRIS AND TORY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 87

TORY

clears the kitchen-living room table of dinner plates. The apartment itself looks torn apart - laundry, Adidas bags, stray piles of books and records, and calcium pills. Chris remains seated over a chocolate mousse.

TORY
(indicating mousse)
- finished with this?

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: 87

Chris nods. Tory sweeps it up, takes it to the counter where the dishes are piled.

TORY
(half to herself)
- no good, huh?

She dumps it unceremoniously into the sink. Chris stares quietly at her back. Tory is half-mumbling as she starts to clean the dishes.

CHRIS
Do you have to do that now? Tory?

TORY
(without warning)
I don't want to wake up to the smell of onions.

Chris rises and walks up to Tory, stands right behind her. Tory doesn't acknowledge the move. She remains resolutely facing the sink.

CHRIS
(softly)
Okay, if you want to do the dishes, go right ahead.

Chris reaches around and puts her hand on Tory's crotch. No response. She wraps her other hand around Tory's middle, landing on Tory's right breast. Both hands begin a delicate tease. No response. Chris leans into Tory's neck, kisses it until she reaches Tory's ear.

CHRIS
(continuing; a whisper)
- bet I can make you drop that plate..wanna bet?

There is the sound of a zipper. Tory finally begins to respond. Then she breaks away.

TORY
- no, c'mon. Leave me alone.

CHRIS
I told you, Tingloff kept me late, and the market was closed.

TORY
Couldn't you've managed -

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: (2) 87

CHRIS
What? Told him I had to get you some packing boxes?

TORY
Well, I had to sell our books, pick up the laundry, drop your stuff at the kines lab, make sure the phone wasn't disconnected since you're staying. What about Lucky's?

CHRIS
They didn't have any.

TORY
They didn't have any?

CHRIS
That's right.

TORY
Lucky's didn't have any boxes of any kind?

CHRIS
Not empty ones.

Tory turns back to the sink.

CHRIS
(continuing)
Okay - it does bother you. I'll tell Tingloff tomorrow - I won't do pentathlon. It doesn't mean that much to me. I swear it.

Chris turns Tory around, brushes back a lock of Tory's hair. Tory's eyes are moist.

TORY
- if you don't do it, I'm leaving Tingloff and never speaking to you again. That doesn't bother me.

CHRIS
Then what is it?

TORY
Tingloff. I still think he's a fuckhead, but he's right about you and we'll work out together and I'll help you. I'll help you more than he can...maybe it's having to see my mother...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: (3) 87

TORY (CONT'D)
...maybe it's change..maybe it's not seeing you for six weeks.

Chris kisses her.

TORY
(continuing)
- maybe it's that you don't mean that.

CHRIS
- I do mean it.

TORY
- because you know it's what I want.

CHRIS
Bullshit.

Tory looks at Chris, really lost. Chris takes her hand.

CHRIS
(continuing)
C'mon, leave it - c'mon - c'mon, c'mon.

Tory allows herself to be pulled from the sink.

FADE TO:

88 INT. CAL POLY GYM - DAY 88

A MEDICINE BALL

fills the screen.

TINGLOFF'S VOICE
- the hurdles, the shot, the highjump, the long jump, the 800 meters - five events, but the thing to remember is this -
(the ball moves up and down)
- the pentathlon is one event. You do it in one day and you find that one element in yourself common to all the events.

ANGLE WIDENS TO SHOW TINGLOFF AND CHRIS IN A GYM

Tingloff holds the four pound medicine ball. Some guys are in a pickup game of basketball at the far end of the court.

CHRIS
- I know.

88 CONTINUED: 88

TINGLOFF
You know?

CHRIS
I saw you work with Tory - on her takeoff in the longjump and the highjump and you wouldn't let her shorten her stride in the 800.

Tingloff's impressed.

TINGLOFF
And what did that tell you?

CHRIS
You made her work on her strength - her power. You do that with everybody - make them work on their strength and not their weakness - with me it'll be speed. My father he tries to correct people's weakness. You ignore them...it's why you're a good coach.

Tingloff stares at her. It makes Chris a little nervous.

CHRIS
(continuing)
- sorry - Am I talking too much?

TINGLOFF
Boy, have I misjudged you.

He tosses her the medicine ball. Chris balances the large ball on her shoulder, almost loses it. She makes her first throw. It slides off her hand and hits the wall, making a soft little thud. Chris shrugs helplessly. Tingloff throws her the ball again. She throws again. She misses the wall completely. Tingloff throws her the ball again.

89 INT. CAL POLY GYM - DAY 89

THE MEDICINE BALL

hits the wall with a little more authority. The ball hits it again, and again and again - each time with a little more zip, until the sound of hard THWACKS from the ball echo thru the gym.

90 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - SHOTPUT CIRCLE - DAY 90

CHRIS ON THE FIELD

holds a four kilo shot.

90 CONTINUED: 90

Her feet are planted on the ground. Without moving she throws the shot forward over her head.

91 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - SHOTPUT CIRCLE - DAY 91

THE SHOT IS BETWEEN HER LEGS

She throws from this position.

92 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - SHOTPUT CIRCLE - DAY 92

WITH LEGS STAGGERED

she throws it.

93 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - SHOTPUT CIRCLE - TWILIGHT 93

she throws from the left side, then from the right.

94 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - SHOTPUT CIRCLE - DAY 94

IN BRIGHT SUNLIGHT CHRIS

throws from a crouch, using the turn, but not moving her legs.

95 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - SHOTPUT CIRCLE 95

HER LEGS

move thru the balletic shotput drill of turn and twist.

96 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - SHOTPUT CIRCLE - MORNING 96

A SHOTPUT CIRCLE

the white paint flaking. Chris' legs step into it.

ANGLE WIDENS TO INCLUDE TINGLOFF

watching her on the field. It's a foggy morning. Chris looks at him. She balances the shot carefully, nuzzles it at her neck in that curiously tender gesture before the glide and release. She moves across the circle and with a little cry, THROWS.

THE SHOT

flies thru the air and disappears into the fog.

TINGLOFF

watches it, turns to Chris. They both smile.

97 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - HIGHJUMP PIT - DAY 97

CHRIS

stands in the open field doing a heel and toe move with her arms shooting into the air. It has the abstract quality of a dance.

THE HIGHJUMP BAR

cuts across the screen at Chris' waist. She does pop-ups before the bar, leaping straight up - but not attempting to go over the low bar.

CHRIS STANDS WITH HER BACK TO THE HIGHJUMP PIT

The bar is not there. She flops into the pit.

98 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - HIGHJUMP PIT - DAY 98

THE BAR

cuts across the screen again. Chris b.g. steps up to a mark indicated by Tingloff. She makes a short approach, clears the bar and lands in the pit. She gets out of the pit and it can be seen that the bar is still only waist high.

99 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - HIGHJUMP PIT - DAY 99

WITH CHRIS

concentrating. She makes a longer run, takes off.

GOING OVER

she knicks the bar and it falls. She shakes her head. When she helps Tingloff replace the bar it can be seen that the height she barely missed was above her eye level.

100 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - LONGJUMP - DAY 100

CHRIS

slowly steps off the length of the longjump runway to the board. Tingloff watches:

TINGLOFF V.O.
- the first event, the hurdles - they're a fear event - you can hurt yourself if you hit them - and in the pentathlon there's a double fear -

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED: 100

TINGLOFF V.O. (CONT'D)
- you've got to get over them to reach the other four events. It's doubly hard to be aggressive. The shotput takes consistency, the highjump - it's a masochist's event. It always ends on a miss, a failure, and it requires patience - if you do well you're liable to be out there half the day. Which brings us here -

She's reached the board - makes no more move than a standing leap into the pit. The sand doesn't move. Tingloff continues:

TINGLOFF
(continuing)
- just when you're really getting whipped you reach the event that calls for reckless abandon - you have to throw yourself thru the air as fast and as far as you can.

101 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - LONGJUMP - DAY 101

CHRIS

does a short run of ten to twelve steps, hits the board, jumps. She plops into the pit.

102 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - LONGJUMP - DAY 102

ANOTHER ANGLE AS CHRIS

makes a long run with great speed, hits the board but runs thru the pit rather than leaping.

103 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - HURDLES - DAY 103

A LOW HURDLE

Chris HOPS over it from a standing position. She hops back.

104 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - HURDLES - DAY 104

TWO LOW HURDLES

She hops over them, a little shakily, using a double hop.

105 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - HURDLES - DAY 105

SIX LOW HURDLES

Chris hurdle hops them smoothly, moving from a jerky double hop to a fluid single hop.

106 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - LONGJUMP - DAY 106

LOW ANGLE LONGJUMP PIT

the sand raked and smooth. Chris stands far down the runway. She begins her run.

EXTREME CLOSE CHRIS' FACE

She sprints. The skin ripples across her cheeks.

SIDE ANGLE SHE NEARS THE BOARD AT GREAT SPEED

and HITS it.

LOW ANGLE PIT CHRIS LEAPS

kicking, half laid-out in the air, lands in that ecstatic effort to fly as long as possible. She lands in the pit, her calves and thighs rippling with the impact, SAND FLYING everywhere.

CUT TO:

107 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - DAY 107

THE TRACK

empty. Fog rolls thru the brace of eucalyptus and creeps over part of the field.

TINGLOFF V.O.
- there are differing philosophies about the 800. Some say as long as you run it between 2:15 and 2:20, that's okay - you don't get that many more points for a 2:12 or even a 2:10. But the 800's the last event, and if you're even up in points -- and you have to beat somebody - even by a half a second - there's no hell on earth like it - so you're gonna have to be ready. You're going to have to run.

During this Chris emerges from the fog, running, then disappears, then breaks thru the fog again - a shadowy figure, always running.

108 EXT. SAN LUIS OBISPO COUNTRYSIDE - DAY 108

THE FOG CLEARS

to show Chris running in the San Luis Obispo countryside. Her heavy, almost erotic breathing can be heard as she moves through greenery and scrub oak and past clumps of wildflowers, perspiration pouring off her, her breath little puffs of frost. MOVE DOWN TO HER FEET:

109 EXT. CAL POLY SCHOOL BUILDING - DAY 109

BOUNDING UP SCHOOL STEPS.

First together, then the left foot step by step, then the right. Finally it's stag stepping - moving upward two, then three steps at a time.

110 INT. CAL POLY GYM - DAY 110

CHRIS' FACE

strains as she does squats with an Olympic Bar. With each squat the weight on the bar increases.

TINGLOFF SPOTS CHRIS

in a bench press - a modest amount of weight: 10's on a 20 kilo bar. MOVE IN ON HER FACE as she repeats.

111 INT. CAL POLY GYM - DAY 111

SUPER SETS

quick glimpses of her moving back and forth on Universals from shoulders to hamstrings to gluts to triceps to calves to biceps, to leg presses - as the pace increases, TORY JOINS in the workout; parts of their bodies are stretched and pressed across and into machines, strongly suggestive of Inquisitor's tools - and Tory adds v.o. sounds to Chris - a duet of choo-chooing, her bursts of breath, and cries of physical effort suggestive of the pangs of birth, orgasm and supreme effort.

112 INT. CAL POLY GYM - DAY 112

AN OLYMPIC BAR

on a mat. It has a very respectable amount of weight. Chris wearing a belt, positions herself. Tory watches closely - taps Chris on the back, indicating Chris should straighten out the line of it. Then she nods approval. Chris hesitates and CLEANS it. A couple of male athletes stop their weight workout and watch them as Chris cleans it again and again under Tory's eye.

113 EXT. HILLTOP - SAN LUIS OBISPO - (DAY) 113

CHRIS AND TORY

run along the skyline and disappear INTO a cloud resting on the hilltop. DISSOLVE, as the low-lying cloud thins and dissolves itself, showing Chris' tiny figure alone against the skyline, still running.

DISSOLVE:

114 INT. CAL POLY ARTS AND CRAFTS CLASS - DAY 114

TORY SKINNER

carefully hand tools the front of a leather binding - one about the size of a daily dairy.

TINGLOFF V.O.
- you won't try pentathlon for a year..when you do don't be upset by your scores, or anybody else's - that'll come soon enough -

115 INT. CHRIS AND TORY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 115

CHRIS BLOWS OUT CANDLES

on a birthday cake. Their apartment is filled with the track team - Penny, Tanya, Sheila, Yelovitch, Zenk - including Tingloff and Jason.

CHRIS

opens one of her presents. It is the diary-size leather binding Tory had fashioned. On it is C. CAHILL and below, carved in smaller letters, pentathlon. Chris is delighted. She hugs Tory. Tingloff watches with interest.

116 INT. CAL POLY GYM - WEIGHT ROOM - DAY 116

CLOSE ANGLE CHRIS

looking down, concentrating. Then she REACHES down and it can be seen she's about to heft a bar with a formidable amount of weight. She makes her move, cleans - then JERKS.

TORY'S VOICE
C'mon, c'mon, go for it! That's it. Great. Great.

Chris strains.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED: 116

HER ARMS

shakily but triumphantly hold the bar with its heavy plates over her head.

TINGLOFF'S VOICE
- I don't want her doing that.

Tingloff takes the bar and lowers it - finds himself standing between Chris and Tory who's pleased expression has turned to mild surprise.

TINGLOFF
(to Tory)
- she's not ready.
(to Chris)
You know, if you're gonna change your workout, let me in on it. I might have something to say.

He leaves. Chris shrugs. Tory shakes her head - clearly annoyed.

117 INT. CHRIS AND TORY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 117

AT HER DESK TORY

thumbs thru her own workout book. She shows Chris the pages - her workouts, records of her individual bests. She pauses over two pages, one that has her PERSONAL BEST scores, and the other that has the 1977 U.S. RANKINGS. There are ten names. Number two is TORY SKINNER with a total of 4640 points. Boz Scaggs is on the hi-fi.

118 INT. CHRIS AND TORY'S APT. - NIGHT 118

TORY

puts down the book she's reading, shoves her glasses over her forehead, and grabs an empty mug - this in response to a whistling teakettle from the kitchen. She pauses as she sees Chris writing in her own workout book - and referring to Tory's as she does. She leans over Chris' shoulder.

IN CHRIS' BOOK

are the 1977 U.S. Rankings, name for name with a little pencilled star by Tory's number two. On the adjacent page Chris has written U.S. Rankings 1978 and left ten blank spaces. Beside the blank spaces she has written her own name and as Tory watches she adds a question mark.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED: 118

Tory smiles. She takes the pen out of Chris' hand and, leaning over Chris, scratches out the question mark. She circles Chris' name and draws an arrow to - hesitating a moment - the blank No. 9 in the 1978 rankings. Chris looks up as if to say really? Tory nods, pats Chris' shoulder and heads off to make her tea. Chris turns back to the page. Her pen point alights on the No. 2 ranking for Skinner in 1977. Chris continues to stare at the page.

DISSOLVE:

119 EXT. DRUG STORE NEWSSTAND - DAY 119

TRACK & FIELD NEWS Women's Annual Dec. 1978

Tory at a drugstore newsstand opens it to the 1978 U.S. Rankings. Under Pentathlon, No. 3 Tory Skinner, No. 5 Chris Cahill. Chris delightedly reaches over Tory's shoulder to point out her name in the five spot. Tory nods approvingly, but there's slightly less enthusiasm in the nod than before.

120 INT. CAL POLY WEIGHT ROOM - DAY 120

TINGLOFF

comes into the weight room - watches as Chris is struggling with a bench press of well over a hundred and fifty pounds. He shakes his head. Tory who is standing over Chris, sees the gesture, grabs the bar.

TORY
(by way of explanation)
- hey, it's low reps, it's what I do.

TINGLOFF
I want her to taper.

TORY
Fuck it - let's take a sauna.

CHRIS
Okay.

TINGLOFF
Chris just - wait. I'd like to talk to you.

Chris and Tory glance at one another. Tingloff sees it, smiles.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED: 120

TINGLOFF
- if it's all right with Tory.

Tory leaves. Chris sits on the bench but doesn't look at Tingloff.

TINGLOFF
Okay, the Pan Am Games are in ten days, they're the last international competition before the Olympics, if you place in the first four I've got that car dealer who'll give you a ticket for the European meets - a ticket to compete the rest of the summer. Furthermore - only two athletes qualify for the Pan Ams and Tory knows it.

CHRIS
What's that supposed to mean?... Tory's just trying to help.

TINGLOFF
(shrugs, smiles)
- sure. Go take your shower.

121 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - HIGHJUMP PIT - DAY 121

CHRIS

paces off a three step jump - places a little tape on the ground to mark her starting point, pulls off her sweats. She turns, concentrates - makes the three step jump and clears the bar.

AS SHE GETS OUT OF THE PIT TORY,

who has been lazing on the ground, stares reflectively at her.

CHRIS
- what?

TORY
Nothing.

CHRIS
No, what?

TORY
Uhhh - God I shouldn't get into it. Tingloff'll just have another shitfit.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED: 121

CHRIS
Don't give me that. It'll drive me nuts for the rest of the day. Unless you're trying to drive me nuts.

Tory shoots her a quick look.

TORY
(rising)
Okay - you're a speed jumper and all that but you should at least try a takeoff where you lower your center of gravity. Bigger steps.

She demonstrates, taking much larger steps than Chris. She easily clears the bar.

CHRIS
- I can't begin to take steps like that.

TORY
I'm not saying you should. But if you try a little longer step, lower yourself, you'll catch your center of gravity on the rise - See - here's where I start -
(indicates a tape on the ground)
- and here's where you should start -

She tears the tape that Chris had put on the grass and moves it back by a half-stride.

Chris glances at the tape. Then she looks around the field. Tory smirks.

TORY
(continuing)
Oh, come on. Do you have to check and see if Tingloff's looking?

Tory walks away in disgust. As she does, her spikes pick up the tape she had marked for Chris. She walks a few steps and the tape becomes disengaged behind the mark she had originally set for herself. Both girls are preoccupied and neither is looking at the ground.

CHRIS
All right, all right.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED: (2) 121

TORY
Don't do me any favors.

CHRIS
(taking her arm)
I said I'll try it.

TORY
So try it.

She disengages her arm and walks off. Chris is upset. She turns and moves to the forward tape, not noticing that it in fact was Tory's mark - not hers. She concentrates for a moment, and takes off in the bounding three step move, but the final step is much farther away from her take off point than she realized. She almost leaps to reach it, hits the take off and collapses screaming to the ground.

TORY

walking away, turns back to see Chris jackknifed in agony. She hurries to her.

JASON

drops the rake he's using on the longjump pit and comes running.

SEVERAL OTHER ATHLETES PENNY, TANYA AND SHEILA

look up from their respective drills.

JASON HAS REACHED CHRIS

along with Tory. Chris is writing in agony.

JASON
(to Tory)
Grab her shoulders, hold her.
(to Chris)
Easy, easy, easy.

He takes her ankle, swiftly and expertly pulls. Chris gives another cry of pain. A small crowd has gathered. There are comments like - 'Jesus, look at that.' 'Her knee's out.' 'What's he doing? Trying to pop it back?' Jason doubles back the calf against the thigh and pulls again. Chris grunts. Jason carefully lowers the leg.

JASON
Don't move. Don't move. Don't move.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED: (3) 121

CHRIS
(wincing)
Don't worry.

Tingloff comes running up.

TINGLOFF
What happened?

JASON
Her knee. I popped it back. I'm gonna grab some ince.

Jason takes off. Tingloff kneels, touches the knee.

TINGLOFF
(shouting after Jason)
And an Ace bandage! Not much swelling. Hurt?

CHRIS
Not too bad. Not now.

TINGLOFF
(smiles, then to Chris)
- you ought to kiss Jason's ass from now til next year.
(he looks up at the crowd)
- don't you have a workout to finish?

The crowd disperses. Tingloff turns back to Chris and to Tory who has been huddled on the ground beside Chris, staring miserably. Tingloff places her bag under Chris' knee, elevating it.

TINGLOFF
(continuing)
Okay, how'd it happen?

Chris doesn't look at Tory, but is very much aware of her presence.

CHRIS
- I - was just doing that three step approach, and uhh, I went to take off and - uhh - my knee, uh, it - went.

TINGLOFF
- uh-huh. That's it?

CHRIS
Well yeah.

121 CONTINUED: (4) 121

Tingloff nods. Gets to his feet. Looks at the tape on the grass - the one farthest back.

TINGLOFF
This your mark?

Chris nods. Tingloff starts his own move toward the highjump from the rear mark. He runs, does the three step approach - and has to do an exaggerated and almost ludicrous LEAP thru the air to reach the take-off point. He turns to Chris.

TINGLOFF
You know, jumping is a fairly difficult and complicated mental process. By comparison, counting to three is not so difficult. How in the fuck could you have made a mistake like that?

Chris lowers her head. Clearly she's not going to respond.

TORY
She didn't. I did.

TINGLOFF
You did what?

TORY
I..uhh..counted off her approach for her. I was just uhh..trying to lower her center of gravity, I mean catch it on the rise..I mean I just -
(she stops, near tears)
- it's impossible.
(almost a plea)
It was half a step.

Tingloff nods.

TINGLOFF
Lower her center of gravity. Mmm.

Tory is kneeling by Chris. Tingloff has come back and stops a few feet from them. Tory is between Chris and Tingloff. She looks at Chris whose head is bent, glances up at Tingloff. She's clearly heartsick, very edgy with Tingloff staring over her shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED: (5) 121

TORY
(to Chris)
I wish it had been me..
(she takes Chris' hand)
- could you look at me at least?

Chris looks up, stares blankly at Tory. Then withdraws her hand - ostensibly to adjust the bag under her knee. Tory's having a hard time controlling her growing desperation.

TORY
You know I'd do anything to avoid hurting you.
(silence from Chris)
..all I've ever tried, I mean I was trying, I was trying to.. help.
(more silence)
Dammit, don't play the dumb Indian with me. Say something.
(lowers her voice, pleading)
Don't let them do this to us!

CHRIS
(looks up slowly)
Do what? What's he doing?

TORY
What did I do? C'mon, spit it out for once in your life. Did I hurt you on purpose?

CHRIS
Take your hands off me.

TORY
Did I? did I? did I? did I? did I? did I? You're so fucking gutless. Do you have a fucking thought in your fucking head?

CHRIS
- my thought is that at this point we're both better off with a dumb Indian.

Her frustration overwhelms her. Tory SLAPS Chris. She's immediately sorry. Chris' face grows blank, frightening.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED: (6) 121

CHRIS
Get away from me.

TORY
No, no wait - I didn't mean -

CHRIS
You've finally done it, you've done what you wanted -

TORY
I didn't mean to do anything!

CHRIS
You've done it, you hurt me, you hurt me, I'm hurt, I can be hurt, now you can be happy, get away from me, godammit, get away!

She rises to her feet to shove Tory, falls, twists her leg under her and hits the highjump bar and standard. Tingloff has screamed 'No' but Chris' move was too swift. She collapses into the pit. One of the standards falls on her twisted leg, the bar bouncing across it as she gives one long scream of agony.

122 INT. SAUNA - DAY 122

POOCH, TANYA, PENNY, SHEILA, MAUREEN ET AL

are sweating and going thru their usual ritual of poking and prodding their own and each other's aches, pains and bruises.

PENNY
- but why's he so pissed? It wasn't her fault.

SHEILA
Maybe he figures it was.

POOCH
Face it. Those two had to get into it sooner or later.

PENNY
Tingloff and Tory?

SHEILA
Chris and Tory

TANYA
- my experience has been to avoid the field guys.

MAUREEN
- why?

TANYA
- too many steroids - messes up their weenies.

MAUREEN
- not Zenk's.

TANYA
- oh well. You could give Zenk strychnine and he'd never know it.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED: 122

Tory comes in, doesn't look happy.

SHEILA
How is she?

Tory shrugs.

PENNY
Well, what did Tingloff say?

TORY
Godammit Penny, I want to sit here quietly and sweat a little, okay?

PENNY
(shocked)
- okay...hey, Pooch - ever smell moth balls?

POOCH
Sure.

PENNY
How'd you get their little legs apart?

TORY
Penny, shut up.

PENNY
(quietly)
- jeez.

123 INT. TRAINING ROOM - DAY 123

CHRIS

lies on a table staring at the ceiling, her knee elevated and packed in ice. Tingloff is talking quietly to a couple of trainers. Chris is straining to hear them. Jason comes into the training room and interrupts the colloquy to talk with Tingloff. Chris is struggling to her - finally she can stand it no longer.

CHRIS
..Terry? Terry, how soon before I can work out?..Terry?..Terry?..

Tingloff has been ignoring the question. He finally turns away from Jason and calls across the room.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: 123

TINGLOFF
(almost cold)
I'll get a key to the pool. In a week or so you can use a board and maybe kick a little.

He turns back to Jason. They continue talking. The tears start streaming down Chris' face. Tingloff turns back and calls across the room again.

TINGLOFF
(continuing; flatly)
Jason's talked to Tory - she's waiting to hear if she should clear out of your place. Are you going to stay there tonight? What do you want to do, Chris?

He's approaching the training table with Jason, and now sees that she's crying. He turns to Jason.

TINGLOFF
(continuing)
I'll take her with me.

Jason nods, touches Chris lightly - leaves. Tingloff looks at her a moment.

TINGLOFF
(continuing)
Hurting again?

Chris shakes her head.

TINGLOFF
(continuing)
Then what is it?

CHRIS
..you're mad...at..me..

Tingloff shakes his head. For the first time with real kindness:

TINGLOFF
You dumb cunt. How can you be more frightened of me than being hurt? How babe, how?

She starts to sob. He cradles her in his arms and she leans up against him, burying her head in his stomach.

124 INT. TINGLOFF'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 124

CHRIS LIES ON A BOX SPRING BED

that's on the floor in the bedroom of Tingloff's small tract-type house. She's watching "Laverne and Shirley" on an old TV that's propped up on cinder blocks. Her leg is elevated and she's wearing one of Tingloff's t-shirts and a pair of his track shorts.

A telephone sits on another cinder block - by Chris' bedside. Tingloff has an ironing board in the bedroom, is ironing his shirts, drinking a beer, watching Chris watch "Laverne and Shirley".

TINGLOFF
How about a coke?..beer?..a joint?

She smiles finally but still shakes her head.

TINGLOFF
(continuing)
Nothing I can offer you to break training? Haagen-Dazs ice cream?

Chris finally looks over.

CHRIS
(a little shocked)
You keep that in your house?
(Tingloff nods)
..what flavor?

TINGLOFF
(laughs)
Gotcha! Chocolate, vanilla, coffee and strawberry.

CHRIS
Well - maybe a little of everything.

She finally smiles and Tingloff puts down the iron to go to the kitchen and get it. As he does the phone rings. He stops and turns to see:

CHRIS

staring intently at the phone. She actually starts to pick it up.

TINGLOFF
(watching her but offhand)
Hey I'll get it.

Tingloff saunters back and lets the phone ring longer than he has to, still watching Chris out of the corner of his eye. He picks it up.

124 CONTINUED: 124

TINGLOFF
(continuing)
Hello..no--fine, definitely better, anyway..no, don't bother with the blocks..just a light workout..for sure.

He hangs up, acutely aware of Chris watching him.

TINGLOFF
(continuing)
Jason sends you his best.

Chris seems faintly disappointed.

TINGLOFF
(continuing)
Well, how about that Haagen-Dazs?

Chris nods but with less enthusiasm than before.

TINGLOFF
(continuing; going out)
Time for more ice on that knee anyway.

He leaves Chris staring at nothing in particular. As he disappears, she glances at the phone.

125 INT. TINGLOFF'S KITCHEN - NIGHT 125

Tingloff finishes gouging strawberry out of the Haagen-Dazs carton. It has bent the spoon. He swears - puts the top back on the carton. The phone RINGS from the bedroom. Like a flash Tingloff throws the Haagen-Dazs cartons back in the freezer - which is too overfrosted to slam - the cartons come tumbling back out. Tingloff leaves it and races out of the kitchen.

126 INT. TINGLOFF'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 126

CHRIS

has started to pick up the phone on the third ring.

TINGLOFF'S VOICE
Let it ring..you don't have to answer my phone.

He walks back toward Chris. The phone continues to RING.

TINGLOFF
(continuing)
..in fact, I'd just as soon not hear from anybody else tonight. You know, it's been a long day.

126 CONTINUED: 126

The two are now staring intently at each other. The phone continues to RING AND RING between them.

TINGLOFF
(continuing)
- yeah. Just - let it ring.

He turns back to the iron. Chris can't stand it. She goes for the phone. Tingloff WHIRLS, picks the phone up, TEARS it out of the wall, and hurls it across the room where it SMASHES into the wall and breaks apart. Tingloff turns slowly back to Chris.

TINGLOFF
(continuing)
All you're worried about is your fucking girlfriend. What the fuck is that? Your fucking girlfriend! I'm trying to get you to the Olympics - you can win a medal - and you're worried about your fucking girlfriend!..I can't believe it, she crippled you..

He sputters off, practically choking.

CHRIS
..she..didn't mean it.

TINGLOFF
(looks at her, can't believe it)
I- I..oh, God, oh God, I mean I just quit, I quit, I quit, I quit, why did I do this, it's not fair, I've ruined my life, it's wasted, it's over, I'm finished, I mean I could've been a man's - if only they'd had the backfield coach's job open at Oregon State this never would have happened to me!
(he's been storming at the heavens, now turns to Chris)
I was coach of the year, do you know what that means when you're a woman's coach? JACKSHIT. I could've coached football, I wouldn't have had to put up with the insulting shit from you - do you actually think Chuck Noll has to worry that Franco Harris is going to cry if Terry Bradshaw won't talk to him? You bet your ass he doesn't! Oh fuck, I'm finished I'm ruined, who the fuck cares?...

126 CONTINUED: (2) 126

He sinks onto the bed.

Chris' mood has gone from surly resentment - to astonishment and a genuine anxiety that Tingloff has lost his marbles.

CHRIS
Hey, I'm sorry. All I said was she didn't mean it.

Tingloff looks up, smiles.

TINGLOFF
You know what you're like? There's a joke about a faggot who makes a pass at a Marine in the men's room on the fortieth floor of the Empire State building. The marine throws the faggot out the window. When he gets down to the street, the marine passes this faggot in the gutter who struggles to one elbow and says, 'Yoo-hoo... I'm not mad.' Just go home and kiss and make up or eat each other or whatever you do, will you? Ah, I think I actually made you mad. Then why don't you hit me? It would be nice to see you have the balls to hurt somebody. Go ahead, hit me.

She does - only it's a fist, a short right that knocks him right off the bed. He lands on his butt. Chris is shocked.

TINGLOFF
(continuing)
..why..do you <u>always</u> have to do what I tell you?

She touches his cheek.

CHRIS
..oh Jeez, it's starting to swell..

Tingloff shrugs. Takes her hand from his cheek and kisses it. He stares at her a long moment, rises.

TINGLOFF
I'll get some ice - for both of us.

CHRIS
(holding him)
Wait.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: (3) 126

TINGLOFF
What for?

CHRIS
(trembling)
Hold me please. Just..

Tingloff bends down and kisses her fully on the mouth. Chris' arms had gone around Tingloff, but at the length of the kiss, they leave his shoulders and hang limply in the air while she appears to be moaning something like 'oh, no' over and over. Tingloff stops kissing her.

TINGLOFF
(softly)
Don't worry, babe - we'll watch the knee.

He starts to embrace her again.

CHRIS
That's not what I'm worried about.
(a little cold)
Not at all.

Tingloff nods, sees he's made a critical miscalculation. He sits up, shrugs, forces a smile - Chris doesn't smile back.

127 EXT. CHRIS AND TORY'S APARTMENT - DAY 127

TINGLOFF'S CAR

pulls up in front of Chris and Tory's apartment. A garbage truck is passing by. Tory's battered Falcon, windows steamed and dripping with dirt and dew, is in front of them. Neither Chris nor Tingloff appear very lively.

TINGLOFF
(staring at Tory's car)
I better go in with you.

CHRIS
No. You're still her coach.

Tingloff nods. Clears his throat. He's obviously uncomfortable.

TINGLOFF
Will I - see you when I get back from the Pan Ams?

CHRIS
- sure. If you're gonna coach me

127 CONTINUED: 127

He nods. She reaches over to take her crutches and moves to the door handle. He stops her, hands her a key. She looks shocked and a little stony.

CHRIS
What's this for?

TINGLOFF
(hurt, an edge)
The pool. The swimming pool - you know you're going to kick - and you're gonna do that in water - use it.

She pockets the key after a moment, gets out and begins to make her way on crutches up the walkway to the apartment entrance. Tingloff watches a moment, then takes off. As she makes it to the steps, she runs into Tory on the way out. Tory looks like she's slept in her sweats. Both are subdued, almost embarrassed.

CHRIS
(very quietly)
- look - I - I'll make sure I'm out of the apartment by the time you're back from the Pan Ams.

TORY
(equally quiet)
- yeah - well - you know I can -

CHRIS
I want to make the move. I want to live in a new place.

Tory nods.

TORY
- sure - fine - well, yeah, sure -

She abruptly takes off, swears because she has to wipe the steam off her car windows, unable to make a clean exit. As she's doing this, Chris moves slowly into the apartment.

DISSOLVE TO:

128 EXT. CAL POLY POOL - DAY 128

THE KEY

being placed in one of those heavy Schlage locks. It takes a moment of fiddling for the key to work. Then:

129 INT. CAL POLY POOL - DAY 129

CHRIS

opens the heavy and slightly rusted metal door. Inside is an old pool of a hundred feet, surrounded by high concrete walls on three sides and backed up to a small weight room on the fourth side. There is an eerie quality about the pool this early - fog and steam rising from the pool's surface mingle so the water itself can only partially be seen. The high walls hold in the fog - it's a self-contained, shrouded and mysterious new world. Using a cane, Chris limps to the pool's edge, carrying a kickboard.

130 INT. CAL POLY POOL - DAY 130

AT THE POOL'S SHALLOW END

she stops - hears the sound of rhythmic splashing - almost like wheat being threshed.

RISING OUT OF THE MIST

then sinking back into it as he butterflies the length of the pool is DENNY STITES. His upper body rises and falls thru the mists with carefully controlled power, moving inexorably toward her. Thru his goggles and the gray he doesn't see Chris, who watches the seeming slow motion of the fly with fascination. Denny hits the wall and kicks off into a backstroke, fluidly moving toward the deep end, disappearing into the mists again. Chris watches another moment, then slips out of her sweats, revealing the sleek lines of SPEEDO.

DENNY LOOKS UP

thru the mists to see the flags overhead. He strokes twice more, flips and KICKS OFF THE WALL. MOVE UNDERWATER WITH HIM as he does the flip and SURFACE with him as he begins the breast stroke.

CHRIS

kicks down the pool in a nearby lane.

DENNY

reaches the wall, and pushes into the freestyle, cutting smoothly thru the water.

AS HE BREATHES

from air to water and back again, CAMERA MOVES WITH HIM, revealing the lanes clearly on the pool bottom - thru his GOGGLES it is clearer under water than thru the fog on the surface.

130 CONTINUED: 130

After a few strokes, Chris' body can be seen under the water's surface coming up on Denny's left - kicking and stretched out, it is spectacular. The GOGGLES stop moving from air to water and remain IN THE WATER, holding on Chris' legs and upper body. As the GOGGLES move past they remain underwater looking BACKWARD toward Chris, until there is a sudden JOLT.

DENNY

has crashed into the wall. He surfaces, shakes his head, and grabs the gutter.

CHRIS

approaches, kicking. She's seen him hit the wall but has no idea why.

CHRIS
- you all right?

DENNY
What? Yeah, fine.

CHRIS
(reaching the wall)
- fog's amazing.

DENNY
(more stunned by her than anything else)
- really.

CHRIS
- well, be careful.

She pushes off and kicks back down the pool. Denny somewhat reflectively cleans his goggles and watches her go.

131 INT. CAL POLY POOL WEIGHT ROOM - DAY 131

AT THE DOORWAY OF THE WEIGHT ROOM DENNY

pauses, wet and dripping. Chris, dry, is doing a light weight workout - deltoid pulls with a bar. She obviously knows what she's doing.

DENNY
How come you swim and then lift?

CHRIS
(not looking at him)
- I just do.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: 131

She continues with the set.

DENNY
Aren't you worried about getting tight?

CHRIS
(finishing the set)
- not really.

She does a quick stretching exercise that makes any question about her flexibility ludicrous - it is an unintentional rebuke to Denny. He mumbles 'oh,' then heads to the showers, leaving Chris to her stretching.

132 EXT. CHRIS' SECOND STORY GARAGE APARTMENT - DAY 132

Someone pulls out of the garage under it, first gunning the engine.

133 INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - DAY 133

CHRIS

surrounded by packing boxes. She's placed a plant on a ledge to see how it looks. The apartment shakes from the car. She removes the plant from the ledge. Behind her the phone man is installing a long cord that he has stretched from the kitchen to the bathroom. He calls out to demonstrate that it will reach the toilet. She nods approval.

134 INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT 134

CHRIS SITS ON HER SINK

stuffing a towel with ice cubes she forces from a stubborn ice tray. She takes the towel and moves thru the packing boxes. She suddenly TRIPS. The ice cubes go flying. She catches herself on a packing box, stops her fall with remarkable agility. Looks down and sees the culprit - the long phone cord hidden among the boxes. Stares at it a moment.

FADE:

135 INT. CAL POLY POOL WEIGHT ROOM - DAY 135

CHRIS WITH HER LEGS OVER HER HEAD

limbers up. Her knees touch the floor. Denny comes into the weight room. She's wearing Adidas shorts and while not revealing they're certainly provocative in that position. Denny tries to merely glance at her as he goes immediately to a Universal bench press station.

135 CONTINUED: 135

DENNY
(in passing)
Hi.

CHRIS
- hi.

Denny starts pumping away on the Universal machine. He's well built but slender.

THRU HER LEGS CHRIS

watches him. Something about what he's doing makes her curious. She brings her legs back down, stares at him another moment.

CHRIS
- you know, if you're a swimmer you ought to stretch a little more before you do that.

Denny sits up. He's a little surprised she's said anything.

DENNY
- I stopped swimming last year.

CHRIS
- oh.

She goes back to stretching.

DENNY
- I'm playing polo now.

CHRIS
(stretching again)
Water polo?

DENNY
- yeah.

She drops her legs again.

CHRIS
- in that case you <u>really</u> ought to stretch more - in fact you shouldn't use that machine at all.

Denny's a little amused.

DENNY
Oh yeah? What should I use?

135 CONTINUED: (2) 135

CHRIS
- free weights.

She indicates a large bar bell on a stand with some plates beside it.

CHRIS
(continuing)
- better for flexibility and coordination.

DENNY
Yeah?

CHRIS
Yeah. You don't see it.

DENNY
- not really.

She gets up and lies on the bench below the standing free weight. Without using the weight she demonstrates going thru the motions of the bench press.

CHRIS
Look - better range of motion for your shoulder girdle, plus you have to balance the bar, the bar won't do it for you... you still don't see...

Denny is too impressed to reply, and a little defensive.

DENNY
- no, I see. It's just I can't lift with the polo team - I've got a job.

CHRIS
What's that got to do with it?

DENNY
No one to spot me.

Chris sits up.

CHRIS
Tell you what - you spot me and I'll spot you - how about that?

DENNY
- sure.

CHRIS
Want to go first?

135 CONTINUED: (3) 135

DENNY
No, you're there.

He gets up and ambles over only to see Chris adding twenty five pound plates to the bar, making it over 150 pounds and probably over Denny's body weight. He tries to avoid being impressed, stands behind her. Chris lies back down, places her hands on the bar, looks up at Denny.

CHRIS
Ready?

DENNY
- sure.

CHRIS
Well aren't you going to -

DENNY
- oh yeah, sorry.

He puts his hands on the bar.

CHRIS
One, two, three - up.

He helps her heft the bar to a full arm extension. She takes it from there, neatly doing ten reps and putting the bar back on the stand herself. Denny is quietly in shock. Chris hops off the bench.

CHRIS
(continuing)
Okay - want to change 'em?

DENNY
- change?

CHRIS
(indicates spare plates)
- the weights.

DENNY
(as casually as possible)
No, no, I'll warm up with these.

He lies down on the bench, takes a deep breath, places his hands on the bar. Something stops him.

CHRIS
What's wrong?

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED: (4) 135

FROM DENNY'S POINT OF VIEW CHRIS

has - quite rightly - placed herself over his head to control the weight. Her crotch is a few inches over his head. It is obviously disconcerting to him.

DENNY

blinks.

DENNY
Nothing. Okay -

CHRIS
- one, two, three - up.

She helps Denny in the same way. Denny gets thru about three reps fairly smoothly, then starts getting shakey on the fourth and fifth, the bar bell dipping sharply to one side. He's choo-chooing on the sixth, and having a lot of trouble.

CHRIS
(continuing)
- don't arch your back.

Denny flattens his back and almost loses the bar. She helps him up with it. He goes down for the seventh and it looks like he's not going to make it up.

CHRIS
(continuing;
exhorting him,
placing her hands
under the bar)
- c'mon, c'mon, c'mon, go for it!

Denny's trying like a maniac. Unavoidably arches his back and nearly finds his nose in Chris' crotch.

CHRIS
(continuing)
I said don't arch your back!

He flattens his back and collapses. She expertly grabs the bar and places it back on the stand. Denny sits up shakily.

CHRIS
(continuing)
That's for your pecs and your
arms and shoulders - not your back.
Won't help to cheat.

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED: (5) 135

DENNY
(mortified and vaguely pissed)
- yeah - thanks.

Chris immediately sees she's offended him.

CHRIS
Listen, if you haven't used free weights for a while they can surprise you. That's all I'm saying.

DENNY
- yeah.

CHRIS
- you're a beautiful swimmer - especially when you're not running into walls.

She smiles, and now Denny does too.

CHRIS
(continuing)
- compete much?

Denny nods.

DENNY
1650 - 1500 meters mainly. Two hundred back..but now I'm playing polo I just I need a little more, you know, upper body...I guess that's obvious.

CHRIS
Not really - you've got the kind of body that develops really fast.

DENNY
What do you do?

CHRIS
Pentathlon.

DENNY
Oh yeah? Here?

CHRIS
- not anymore. I graduated last year - local club.

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED: (6) 135

DENNY
(sincerely)
..well..how come you know so much?

CHRIS
(amused)
..do I?

DENNY
You talk like a coach.

CHRIS
...guess I've had good teachers.

DENNY
Listen...what're you..what're you...

He can't get it out.

CHRIS
What am I what?

DENNY
I mean where can I..uhh..

At this point swimmers begin to move into the weight room. They obviously all know Denny. And there's a suggestion of real regard for him underneath the greetings and the badinage, 'Hey, Stites, what's happening?' 'Dennis the menace,' 'how's polo going,' etc. One of them, a polo player with a flaring mustache, SPICER, shows particular interest in Chris. In any case the intrusion finishes the conversation with Chris.

DENNY
(continuing)
- there's a..we play U.C. Irvine Friday.

CHRIS
U.C. Irvine?

DENNY
At the rec center..2:00, in case you might want to - you know polo.

CHRIS
Oh. Oh yeah. Sure, maybe.

She smiles, more amused than interested, and takes off.

136 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - DAY 136

TINGLOFF

is by the longjump pit with Sheila when Chris comes jogging slowly toward the field. He looks up and sees her. Tory is jogging on the track. It looks as if their paths will bisect. Tingloff sees that as well.

THE OTHER ATHLETES SHEILA, TANYA, NADIA

look up to see the possible encounter.

AT THE LAST MOMENT

Tory breaks stride and begins to walk. Chris jogs on in front of her by a few yards.

TINGLOFF

has motioned to Chris and now walks over to her.

TINGLOFF
How you feeling?

CHRIS
(simply)
Ready to give it a try.

TINGLOFF
Good. Good. Look, there's no point in mincing words - I don't want you and Tory on the field at the same time.

A cold silence from Chris. Then:

CHRIS
Why not?

TINGLOFF
Let's put it this way - I don't think you can handle it...you have anything to say?

CHRIS
(flatly)
I work out with everybody else - or I don't work out at all - I'm too old and too hurt and too tired for this shit.

She turns and jogs off the field, leaving a speechless Tingloff.

137 EXT. CAL POLY RECREATION CENTER - DAY 137

CHRIS TAKES LONG STRIDES

on a school path, head down, furious, grumbling shit-piss-fuck-goddam-son-of-a-bitch - the same kind of quiet outburst seen after the hurdle race. She passes by the rec center and a loud cheer goes up. Then there's another cheer. She stops - looks. There's a whistle and another cheer.

CHRIS
(to a passerby)
What's going on?

PASSERBY
- polo game.

138 EXT. REC CENTER POOL - DAY 138

THE ELECTRONIC CLOCK

reads HOME 5 VISITORS 7 PERIOD 4 with only :57 left on the clock. It is a desperate time.

139 EXT. REC CENTER POOL - DAY 139

THE CAL POLY TEAM

wearing their caps are clustered around their coach, some hanging onto the gutters, others dripping wet on the deck.

The coach is talking furiously and is furious - quick exchanges about 'the hole' and 'clear water' etc.

DENNY

is addressed as Stites. He's on the deck, breathing heavily, shimmering with water, more formidable than the goofy kid in the weight room. He nods as the coach talks directly to him.

CHRIS

watches with mild but genuine interest.

THE TEAM

in and out of the water clasp hands, in unison give a loud 'GO'. Denny and those on deck splash back into the water.

140 EXT. REC CENTER POOL - DAY 140

THE BALL

is inbounded to Spicer.

SPICER LOSES THE BALL

as he attempts to pass. Denny outraces a U.C. Irvine player, recovers the ball. A cheer. Flips it over his head to another Cal Poly player. Another cheer.

CHRIS

almost despite herself, smiles.

IN THE WATER CAL POLY

moves the ball toward the U.C. Irvine goal.

THE REFEREE

is blowing his whistle seemingly every few seconds, either raising the red or white end of his flag. It doesn't seem to significantly slow down play.

141 EXT. REC CENTER POOL - DAY 141

THE CLOCK

has moved to :35 and is still moving.

142 EXT. REC CENTER POOL - DAY 142

THE BALL

is flipped back to Denny who is in the hole. He's jumped on by two Irvine players, kicks and jockeys.

THE GOALIE

hands up, is positioning himself, trying to anticipate where Denny will try to aim if he gets a clear shot.

DENNY IS FLATTENED

out on the water, his <u>back</u> to the goal. The coach is shouting frantically.

OUT OF THE CORNER OF HIS EYE

Denny checks the two opponents, and the goalie.

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED: 142

HIS BACK STILL TO THE GOAL

and stretched out he BACKHANDS the ball off the water's surface. His arm moves like a scythe. He has not even looked at the goal. It is a spectacular looking shot.

THE BALL

whips off the water's surface and goes flying seemingly forever thru the air.

THE GOALIE

rises out of the water hands raised - he looks like he's been catapulted upward. But he's guessed wrong.

THE BALL THWACKS

into the canvas of the goal. A LOUD CHEER. Denny has scored.

143 EXT. REC CENTER POOL - DAY 143

CHRIS

finds herself applauding.

144 EXT. REC CENTER POOL - DAY 144

THE TIME ON THE CLOCK

is now :19. The score is HOME 6 VISITORS 7

145 EXT. REC CENTER POOL - DAY 145

THE REFEREE HOLDS THE BALL

and drops it. U.C. Irvine gets it, inbounds it but bobbles it. Denny recovers, goes racing thru the opposition, gets bottled up - throws to an outside man.

:07 ON THE CLOCK

THE BALL COMES BACK TO DENNY

he's in front of the goal in the identical position he was moments ago. Time is down to :03. Everyone is shouting. He tries the same backhand shot - to the same side.

THE GOALIE BLOCKS IT

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED: 145

THE CLOCK RUNS DOWN

the whistle blows. The game is over. There are audible groans from the crowd.

146 EXT. REC CENTER POOL - DAY 146

ON THE DECK DENNY

is talking to a nice looking older couple. The man has the same engaging manner as Denny.

CHRIS TAPS DENNY LIGHTLY

CHRIS
- great game.

DENNY
- what?

CHRIS
Outstanding - you looked awful good losing - see you.

She turns and heads down the deck toward the exit, along with some of the spectators. She's surprised to find herself stopped - by Denny.

DENNY
- wait...what's your name?

CHRIS
- Chris...why?

DENNY
- well I - you really liked the game?

CHRIS
- yeah, I really like the game. But you never should've taken that last shot. You went to the right again.

DENNY
(chagrined)
Yeah. I don't know why I did that.

CHRIS
Probably your shoulder - anterior deltoid on the left side.

DENNY
You're kidding.

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED: 146

CHRIS
Look at it.

He tries to look down.

CHRIS
(continuing)
Never mind - you don't have the strength to make the shot from the left. If you'd work on it a little -

A small pert blonde who bears a marked resemblance to the pole vaulter's girl friend in Cali, Colombia comes up and peremptorily pulls on Denny's arm.

BLONDE GIRL
Denny -

DENNY
(he doesn't want her there now)
Uhh - Chris this is Laurie.

Laurie comes up to Chris' shoulder.

CHRIS
- hello.

LAURIE
Denny your folk're waiting. Hi.

DENNY
- okay.

LAURIE
'Okay?' Where are we taking them for lunch?

DENNY
I'll be there in a minute -

CHRIS
- it's okay.
(to Laurie)
- nice meeting you.

DENNY
(to Chris)
- but what should I do about my, uhh...anterior...you know.

Seeing Laurie hanging on him Chris smiles, somewhat ruefully shakes her head and goes on out.

147 EXT. REC CENTER POOL - DAY 147

AT THE GATE CHRIS

runs into Penny.

CHRIS
- hey - what're you doing here?

PENNY
- swimmers.

Penny flexes, smiles. Chris nods. They walk on.

PENNY
You like him?

CHRIS
Who?

PENNY
Who you were talking to.

CHRIS
(thinks a moment)
Damn, I guess I do.

PENNY
You know Denny Stites very well?

CHRIS
No. Do you?

PENNY
- no. Just you know - two golds at Montreal - world record in the 1500.

Chris stops short. She laughs, incredulous and impressed.

CHRIS
<u>That</u> guy?

PENNY
Yeah - what's funny about that?

CHRIS
Nothing. Nothing at all.

She shrugs, chuckles and walks on leaving a slightly perplexed Penny.

148 EXT CAL POLY TRACK (DAY) 148

CHRIS BACK ON THE FIELD

has been rummaging thru her Adidas bag. She stands abruptly - kicks it with considerable force and sends it flying into the longjump pit. Pooch stops.

POOCH
What's wrong?

CHRIS (seething)
Nothin'.

POOCH
Nothin'?

CHRIS
(spitting it out, furious)
Penny took my tape, I gotta measure these fucking hurdles every time I come out on the track, the marks are always here for the men and every time we put tape down somebody tears it, this is just another straw, you realize things are controlling you don't have any control oh fuck I don't know what I'm saying don't pay any attention to me.

Chris goes about doing a trail leg stretch leaving an open mouthed Pooch. As she bends over and upside down her face breaks into a meek smile.

CHRIS
- hi

BETWEEN HER LEGS DENNY

is approaching. He stops.

DENNY
- yeah, well - I told 'em I had to see my coach about - you know, my anterior uhh -

149 INT. CIGAR FACTORY (RESTAURANT) - DAY 149

DENNY
- after they pulled me out of the pool and carried me to the recovery room. They had to delay the ceremonies half an hour.

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED: 149

CHRIS
How'd it feel?

DENNY
Terrible. I couldn't move.

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED: 149

CHRIS
No - I mean going to the Games, winning two gold medals.

DENNY
- fine, great - later. But at the time I walked out like a zombie, they hung the medal around my neck, played the national anthem and I suddenly thought - this is it! I been swimming twenty thousand meters a day since I was ten and this is it?

CHRIS
(smiles)
Any regrets?

DENNY
No. I just I just wondered why did I do it - for me, my coach, my Dad?

CHRIS
Ever figure it out?

DENNY
(with a laugh)
Not really - what about you? Moscow in '80?

Chris shrugs, nods.

DENNY
(continuing)
Three go, like in swimming?
(Chris nods)
- you'll go.

Chris is surprised by the matter of fact certainty - and cautiously pleased.

CHRIS
But you've never even seen me...

Denny smiles, looks away then glances back - there's something complicitous, almost mischievous in the look.

DENNY
I've seen people compete - sometimes you get hints about what they'll do, even right away. Who is that?

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED: (2) 149

CHRIS
Who is who?

Denny has been looking over her shoulder. He points above them.

AT A TABLE

next to the railing a flight above are Tory and Jason eating and talking quietly.

CHRIS

turns back to Denny - a little shaken.

DENNY
(pleasantly)
She keeps glancing down here is all - you know her?

CHRIS
Sort of - she was my roommate last year. Well for the last three years - but not anymore.

She's trying to sound casual - and it's uncertain whether Denny picks up the shakiness in her voice.

150 EXT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - DAY 150

DENNY PULLS UP IN FRONT OF CHRIS' APARTMENT

A moment of awkward silence in the car.

DENNY
- well.

CHRIS
- thanks for lunch.

DENNY
- oh well - sure.

Denny takes it as his cue and gets out. Chris starts to get out, then sees he's actually coming around to her side of the car. She takes her hand off the door. Denny opens it for her and helps her out.

151 EXT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - DAY 151

THEY GO UP THE STAIRS

of the garage apartment in absolute silence.

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED: 151

AT THE DOOR CHRIS FUMBLES WITH THE KEY

opens the door, turns back to him.

CHRIS
- well - thanks again.

DENNY
Thank you.

CHRIS
(genuinely puzzled)
For what?

DENNY
For being such a good coach...
for being around.

Denny looks directly at her. Chris doesn't know what to say. He heads down the steps. She turns and walks slowly into the apartment.

152 INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - DAY 152

she takes one look at it - including the phone cord stretched to the bathroom at her feet - and walks right back out.

CHRIS
(calling)
Denny!

153 EXT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - DAY 153

SHE RACES BACK DOWN THE STAIRS

toward Denny. She vaults a gate with ease to end up next to him. Denny is surprised and a little intimidated by the move.

CHRIS
- if that's how you feel... I'm
not going anywhere.

154 INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - BEDROOM - EVENING 154

She lies in bed in a darkened room, eyes wide open. Light comes from under the bathroom door - god awful moans from the pipes in the bathroom which actually make the bed vibrate a little. Chris winces.

CHRIS
(calling out)
If you turn on the cold at the
same time it won't do that.

154 CONTINUED: 154

After a moment the moans stop. The water shuts off completely. The light's turned off. Denny emerges. He's nude and his dimly lit body and features take on a mysterious, almost menacing caste. He moves to the bed, looks down at Chris who looks silently up at him. Finally:

DENNY
..scared?..

Chris, holding the covers around her, nods. Denny sits slowly on the bed.

DENNY
(continuing)
Well - it's scary.

He smiles - offers his hand. Chris lets go of the covers and takes it.

FADE:

155 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - DAY 155

CHRIS FLIES OVER SEVEN HURDLES ON THE TRACK

with as much speed and grace as she's displayed.

POOCH

is doing interval work. She rounds the track and stops, stares in amazement at Chris - who after the flight of hurdles - does a little bounding pop-up.

POOCH
My God, girl, what's got into you?

Chris actually blushes. Pooch glances over by the stands sees Denny just a few yards away. Pooch smiles, nods approvingly. Chris continues to blush.

156 INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT (DAY) 156

CHRIS

brings milk, toast and orange juice on a tray to Denny who is propped up watching a Chargers-Cowboy game. She sets the tray down. He kisses her. Her eye catches the latest play on the set - a Cowboy flanker has clashed with the Charger safety on a long pass, and the referee has dropped a flag.

DENNY
- break for the Cowboys.

156 CONTINUED: 156

Chris shakes her head.

CHRIS
Offensive interference.

Denny looks skeptical.

CHRIS
(continuing)
I'm telling you Preston Pearson pushed off -

The call comes down - offensive pass interference. Denny is awed.

CHRIS
(continuing)
Chargers are great this year, aren't they? Hey, don't you have to be someplace?

Denny has embraced her and pulled her down to the bed by way of response.

CHRIS
(continuing)
Is it important?

DENNY
(shrugs)
- no, well I told Laurie I'd meet her with her sister for lunch.. she's here from Bakersfield.

He glances at Chris. She doesn't appear to react.

DENNY
(continuing; casually)
Know that roommate of yours?

CHRIS
Tory Skinner and she's <u>not</u> my roommate.

Chris moves away from Denny who keeps looking at her. Chris finally looks back.

CHRIS
(continuing)
What have you heard?..
(the two look at each other for a long moment)
..want to hear it from me?

(CONTINUED)

156 CONTINUED: (2) 156

DENNY
Not really. If she's not, she's not, that's all I wanna know.

CHRIS
She's not. Not for months. Okay?

DENNY
Not quite. Could you wait here?

He reaches up and pulls her into him, hugs her.

CHRIS
What for?

DENNY
Gotta use the john for one thing.

CHRIS
You gonna pee?

DENNY
(a little surprised)
- well, yeah.

CHRIS
(taking his hand)
Okay - c'mon.

She pulls him up out of bed, starts leading him to the bathroom.

DENNY
What're you doing? Chris? Chris?

CHRIS
I wanna hold it.

Denny stops cold.

DENNY
You what?

CHRIS
- I've always wanted to go to the bathroom standing up. C'mon.

She tugs on Denny, moving him toward the bathroom again.

DENNY
(half laughing)
You're not really - serious -

(CONTINUED)

156 CONTINUED: (3) 156

CHRIS
(moving him along)
Sure. C'mon.

DENNY
Wait a minute, Chris - Chris, Chris, Chris, c'mon - I don't think I can do it.

157 INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY 157

AT THE BATHROOM CHRIS

kisses him on the cheek, pats him reassuringly.

CHRIS
- yes, you can.

DENNY
(mildly panicked)
- I can't.

Chris moves him to the boilet and lifts the seat.

CHRIS
(goodnatured, bantering but relentless)
- I know you can do it. C'mon - it'll mean a lot to me.

She's behind him at the toilet - reaches around in front of him and obviously grabs his cock.

CHRIS
(continuing)
- am I aiming right?

DENNY
- yeah. I think so...

CHRIS
Okay.

Dead silence. The silence of prolonged and intense concentration.

DENNY

starts to sweat.

DENNY
Chris, I can't do it. I'm trying, but I can't. It's not going to work.

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED: 157

CHRIS
- of course it is.

She abruptly moves and turns on the faucet in the wash basin. The water gushes. She gives Denny a pleased little smile and moves back to him. He looks in wonder at her.

158 EXT. CAL POLY TRACK - DAY 158

CHRIS ON THE FIELD

has finished a workout. She pulls on her sweats, sits and begins to unlace her spikes. She sees Denny coming onto the field - continues to busy herself with her spikes and her feet.

DENNY
Hi.

CHRIS
- hi.

DENNY
Good workout?

CHRIS
- sure. Good lunch?

DENNY
Okay - uhh - there's this clinic I have to drive to in Monterey - so I'll probably be too late to -

She fishes in her bag and pulls out a pair of flats, neatly starts to tuck her spikes into the bag.

CHRIS
- okay, fine.

A moment while Denny watches Chris. He clears his throat.

DENNY
There's something I should - it's about Laurie.

For just a moment, Chris pauses with tucking away the spikes.

CHRIS
(evenly)
What about her?

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED: 158

DENNY
Well, I told her I wouldn't be seeing her anymore..that I wouldn't be seeing her - anymore...and uhh maybe I don't know whether you wanna know that or not, but uhh, I'm telling you I guess because I wanted you to know, and uhh, that's it, more or less - I mean that's it exactly.

Chris plants her feet into her flats and rises.

CHRIS
There's something I should tell you - if you wanted to keep seeing her, I'd've kicked your ass around the block.

Denny stares at her. Chris moves to him and throws her arms around him.

CHRIS
(continuing)
- honey, I wouldn't do that even if I could. I wouldn't hurt you for anything in the world.

She kisses him quickly about five times. Denny is obviously relieved.

DENNY
Oh, I knew that.

CHRIS
You did, huh?

DENNY
- sort of...yeah. I did.

He looks at her in a very straightforward way and takes her in his arms, holding her to him tightly. She makes a soft little sound and tries to get as close to him as she can.

159 INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - DAY 159

CHRIS STANDS IN FRONT OF A MIRROR

at her apartment, comparing her knees for swelling, in the injured one. She moves it - nods approval. There's a knock on the door. She half-prances across the room.

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED: 159

CHRIS
Who is it?

Silence. She opens the door.

TORY

stands there staring thru the screen door.

TORY
- just happened to be - I uhh -

CHRIS
(opening screen)
- sure.

Tory enters, tentative but cheerful.

TORY
You been lookin' real, you know.. at workouts.

CHRIS
Thanks.

TORY
I well I wanted to say goodbye. Tingloff and I, we agreed it's not working, him coaching me.

CHRIS
(stunned)
What do you mean?

TORY
I'm splitting - hey, it's no big deal.

CHRIS
But what did he say, what did you say?

TORY
Nothing, it's got nothing to do with - anything. It's no big deal, it's all very friendly. There just comes a time - it's no big deal.

CHRIS
What'll you do?

TORY
Olympic committee's got some job for me in L.A. Car dealer where you sell auto sealant.

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED: (2) 159

CHRIS
Auto sealant?

TORY
Keeps the paint from oxidizing in all that smog - hey, I'm looking forward to the change, I've got a cousin in Pico Rivera and I'm really looking forward to the change..just..about that day at the highjump pit - it was my fault but I didn't do it deliberately -

CHRIS
- oh, God, I knew that the next day.

Tory smiles a little ruefully.

TORY
Well, anyway. It's been on my mind.
(shrugs, then:)
- so. You been doin' great. See you.

CHRIS
Wait - where'll you workout?

TORY
Workout?

CHRIS
In L.A.

TORY
Oh - maybe Cal State Northridge, UCLA..

CHRIS
Who with..

TORY
- hey, at this point I'm better off without a coach, you know me.

Tory turns to go. Chris grabs her hand. The contact has a visible effect on Tory.

CHRIS
You're going to hang it up, aren't you? You're not going to try for Moscow. Are you? Are you?

TORY
- hey -

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED: (3) 159

Chris puts an arm around her.

CHRIS
- answer me.
(hugging her)
Answer me, please.

Tory tries to but the sobs break out uncontrollably. Chris leads her to the couch.

TORY
God, I didn't want to do this to you...

CHRIS
Shut up.

Chris holds her in her arms.

TORY
..so funny..for years you live by the clock - 8 o'clock classes, two twenties, three thirties, four fourties, and there's never enough time and suddenly you ralize the day it's over you'll have all the time in the world..I'm so fucking scared.

CHRIS
(after a long moment)
- promise me something -

TORY
- what?

CHRIS
You'll try one more time.

TORY
What for? What for? I mean what for?

CHRIS
- for the fun of it.

TORY
Oh, God, Chris - I'm just so lost.

Chris nods, strokes Tory's head that has fallen against her shoulder.

160 EXT. FREEWAY - SAN LUIS OBISPO - NIGHT 160

DENNY STITES (AT NIGHT) PASSES

four cars on the freeway leading form Monterey to San Luis Obispo.

UP AHEAD A FREEWAY SIGN

indicates the San Luis Obispo turn off is two and a half miles ahead.

161 INT. DENNY'S CAR - FREEWAY (SLO) - NIGHT 161

BESIDE HIM ON THE SEAT

is a very large color photograph of a sea otter lying on his back in a kelp bed with an abalone resting on his stomach and sunny contentment on his whiskered face.

162 EXT. CHRIS' APARTMENT AND STREET - NIGHT 162

DENNY'S CAR

turns into Chris' street. He pulls up before the garage apartment. Tory's Falcon can be seen. Denny has to cruise on down the street before he find a parking place.

163 EXT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT 163

AT THE TOP HE KNOCKS ON THE DOOR

There is no response. Hears the TV going. Knocks again - no response. He balances the photo on the railing and tries the door. It's open.

164 INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT 164

HE ENTERS

the apartment and moves thru the darkened living room to the alcove-like bedroom where the TV is placed in front of the bed.

DENNY
(softly)
Chris?..Chris?

AT THE ALCOVE

he can see Chris on top of the bed with Tory, her arms around her, rocking her, softly talking to her. There is nothing remotely sexual going on but from Denny's point of view it looks unmistakably provocative.

(CONTINUED)

164 CONTINUED: 164

CHRIS

looks up, a little sleepy and probably loaded. Her eyes slowly widen.

CHRIS
(shocked)
Denny?

Tory lifts her head off Chris' shoulder.

TORY
(drowsy)
- who?

DENNY
- I'm sorry.

CHRIS
- no, it's just I thought you were -

DENNY
I was.

CHRIS
No, it's okay, it's okay.

DENNY
I'm sorry, I'm just - sorry.

He turns, tosses what he's carrying on the coffee table and leaves.

CHRIS
Denny, wait!

Chris leaps out of bed, but the door's been slammed. She stands there, shaking.

CHRIS
(continuing)
Oh, no.

Tory's now alert.

TORY
Who was that?

One look from Chris tells her. Chris finds herself staring down at the photograph.

THE INSCRIPTION UNDER THE OTTER

reads - 'he doesn't feel as good as I do - Denny.'

164 CONTINUED: (2) 164

TORY
- go after him.

Chris shakes her head.

TORY
(continuing)
At lest give it a try. Go ahead
- dammit.

CHRIS
- you sure?

TORY
Get out of here.

Chris leaps up and races barefooted out of the door.

165 EXT. CHRIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT 165

SHE COMES BARRELLING DOWN THE STEPS AND INTO THE STREET

looks one way - then spots Denny under a street light about fifty yards away. He turns a corner. She races after him, turns the corner herself.

UNDER A STREET LAMP

she catches up with him. Grabs his arm, spins him around. The two look at one another. She's trembling violently. Denny senses the danger.

Silence.

CHRIS
- don't look at me like that.

DENNY
I'm not looking at you anyway.
(carefully)
Let's - talk about this tomorrow -
okay?

Chris grabs him and holds onto him tightly, burying her face in him.

CHRIS
(shaking her head)
...can't..can't..can't..

Denny tries to move her away gently.

DENNY
What are you saying?

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED: 165

CHRIS
(breaks away herself)
- if I have to wait til tomorrow I'll die..Please listen to me.

She hugs him desperately. Denny is acutely uncomfortable.

DENNY
Look, these things I don't think they're bad -

CHRIS
- no, no, no -

DENNY
Just listen..I don't understand them, that's all. I know they happen and if they're there..

CHRIS
- they're not there.

Denny looks at her with obvious disbelief.

CHRIS
(continuing; crumbling)
- not the way you think..

DENNY
Yeah, I know I know, but -

CHRIS
(in complete panic)
Denny, I love you.

DENNY
Chris, don't -

CHRIS
Please, please, please listen -

DENNY
I'm sorry.

He turns his back on her and starts away. She screams in fear and rage.

CHRIS
NO!

She strikes him with her fist between the shoulder blades.

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED: (2) 165

He crumples and grabs the streetlight for support. He half-spins on it.

CHRIS
(continuing)
- oh, Denny -

She tries to move to help him.

DENNY
(pulling himself up)
- I'll be all right - just -

'Keep your distance' is the inference. He backs away a few steps, then turns and walks to his car. Chris sinks to the pavement, weeping.

FADE:

166 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY 166

FERN WADKINS HOLDING THE SHOTPUT IN HER NECK

She's a magnificent looking athlete. She balances it with the delicacy of a safecracker listening for the click. SUPERIMPOSE: OLYMPIC TRIALS EUGENE OREGON 1980

TINGLOFF'S VOICE
- you know Fern Wadkins. She's got power and she's been there before -

Fern moves and THROWS. The shot seems to fly forever. She bounces up and down, watching the toss - gives it a slight nod of approval.

TINGLOFF'S VOICE
(continuing)
- she's not going to blow it. She has no real weakness and she knows it - she'll end up in Moscow, probably with a medal. Don't even worry about her.

167 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY 167

CHARLENE BENVENISTE

sleek and lean and long legged sprints down the longjump run.

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED: 167

TINGLOFF'S VOICE
(continuing)
Charlene Benveniste - she's got speed to burn, she'll give Fern all she can handle -

Charlene hits the board and FLIES. As she lands in a spray of sand:

TINGLOFF'S VOICE
(continuing)
- but Fern has the edge on her upstairs - in the past Fern's been able to psych her out - but not this year. She's been solid. She can go she can do it all.

168 EXT. EUGENE DORMITORY COURTYARD - DAY 168

WITH TINGLOFF & CHRIS IN THE COURTYARD

of one of the dormitory buildings. Chris holds a packet - with her number, meal tickets, tourist stuff, etc. She stares blankly at it as Tingloff talks.

MALE AND FEMALE

athletes come and go and call to one another -- sometimes hanging out over the planters of the second, third and fourth story windows in the dorm. Tingloff glances around - back to Chris who seems unresponsive.

TINGLOFF
- I'm not saying those two will finish ahead of you, I'd never say that - but I am saying there are three spots and they're going to take two of them - oh, oh -

He's looked up - as have a few others in the courtyard: Fern and Charlene have just run into one another. They hug, smile, pat one another, kid, mock-moan - trying to psych each other out in the most elegant way. The encounter attracts attention from others - some of whom quietly comment on it. Other athletes seem a little shabby by comparison - in stature, poise, etc.

TINGLOFF
(continuing; watching, smiles appreciatively)
- Mmmm.

He looks at Chris, who has glanced at them, now is staring down at the bench.

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED: 168

TINGLOFF
- so the way it shapes up is either you or Tory for the third spot... this..hold any interest for you at all?

CHRIS
(still staring down)
I'm listening.

TINGLOFF
Good - after all it's only four years of your life - and mine.

This gets a slow rise out of Chris.

169 INT. UNIVERSITY CAFETERIA (EUGENE) - NIGHT 169

Tingloff puts a side of spaghetti on Chris' tray. She looks at him. He takes the jello off her tray pointedly - and with some vehemence.

TINGLOFF
You're just not thinking, are you?

THEY MOVE AMONG THE TABLES

past athletes like Penny and Tanya, Yelovitch and Zenk, past Fern Wadkins, past Pooch with her boyfriend - most of them wave or kid.

ZENK
Hey Chris - lookin' for a seat?
(he tilts Yelovitch's head upward)
- here, I'll brush one off.

He makes a brushing motion over Yelovitch's face. Chris smiles, is urged on by Tingloff.

THEY SIT AT AN EMPTY TABLE

Tingloff whips out a ditto sheet.

TINGLOFF
- okay there's two heats for the hurdles, you're in with Fern and Tory. First heat, first event - go ahead, eat. You have to own the hurdles - it's your event. You know it. They know it. If you go say a 13.35 or better you'll have an edge - if not, it'll all be uphill - I said eat.

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED: 169

Chris is looking at Tory who is coming down the aisle with Willie Lee. Tingloff sees the two about to meet. He grabs Chris by the arm.

TINGLOFF
(continuing)
Look at me.

Chris doesn't. He viciously twists her towards him.

TINGLOFF
(continuing)
I said look at me.

Tory passes by Chris' shoulder. It looks as though she's being slighted. Willie Lee raises his eyebrows - they walk on by.

CHRIS
(icy)
Let go of my arm.

TINGLOFF
You're not going to say a word to her.

She starts to rise. He holds her at the table.

CHRIS
I said let go.

He lets go. She starts up, then stops and turns to him.

CHRIS
(continuing)
- there's nothing you won't do is there? There is something you can't do and that's go over the hurdles for me tomorrow - the day you can run my race, you can run my life - did anyone ever tell you you're a manipulating sadistic creep?

TINGLOFF
Not in so many words, no.

She starts to rise.

TINGLOFF
(continuing)
- do I get my turn?

She waits.

169 CONTINUED: (2) 169

TINGLOFF
(continuing)
- look around you. Look at everybody. Now imagine how many bodies you all buried to get here. The games - javelin, discus, shot - weapons, war, hate. You're here because you want to kick asses and kill anybody who gets in your way. Don't kidd yourself. All the rest is bullshit.

Chris looks at him for a long moment, then over to Tory. Tingloff is trembling with suppressed rage, fear.

TINGLOFF
(continuing)
Get up from this table and you're on your own.

Chris slowly, shakily rises to her feet. Tingloff watches her - then stares at his plate. Without looking back Chris walks over to Tory. She and Willie Lee look up in surprise. Chris is very shakey, Tory awkward.

CHRIS
- hi, Willie Lee.

WILLIE LEE
- hey babe.

CHRIS
(to Tory)
- I just wanted to say - good luck tomorrow.

TORY
..thanks..feel good?

CHRIS
Oh yeah. You?

TORY
Sure -

A moment. Nobody knows quite what to do. Chris shrugs and tries to smile.

CHRIS
- well -

TORY
(acknowledging there's not much else to say)
- yeah -

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED: (3) 169

CHRIS
- see you on the track.

Tory nods, watches Chris walk away.

170 INT. UNIVERSITY CAFETERIA (EUGENE) - NIGHT 170

AT THE CAFETERIA DOOR

Chris bumps into Denny with Spicer and another member of the polo team.

DENNY
Hi.

CHRIS
Hi -

DENNY
Good luck tomorrow.

CHRIS
- thanks -

A moment where it seems as though both will say more. Then she heads on out.

171 INT. CHRIS' DORMITORY ROOM (EUGENE) - NIGHT 171

CHRIS

completes the cutting out of her number. She places it on her jersey as Tory once did for her. She places the jersey carefully on the adjacent bed in the tiny room - beside all the other equipment she'll use tomorrow. She lingers, looking at the neatly laid out longjump shoes, highjump shoes, hurdle shoes, shotput shoes, markers, spare spikes, sweats, blankets, thermos, oranges and a banana in a plastic baggie - four years of her life. Her gaze shifts to the phone.

172 INT. CHRIS' DORMITORY ROOM (EUGENE) - NIGHT 172

IN THE DARK CAHILL'S VOICE

can be heard on the phone, Chris' eyes are open and wide as she listens.

CAHILL V.O.
- honey - no matter what happens we love you and we're proud of you - and you did it all on your own.

(CONTINUED)

172 CONTINUED: 172

CHRIS
- oh Daddy.

CAHILL
You're a big girl now, sweetie - a big girl -

FADE:

173 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY 173

THE TARTAN TRACK

its speckled yellow surface shimmering as in the very beginning.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
- in lane one, her first Olympic trials, Debbie Floyd, lane two, ranked number one in the U.S., three in the world, holds the American record and the National collegiate record, Fern Wadkins -

THE LANES WITH FERN WADKINS

stepping forward at the introduction.

ANNOUNCER
- in lane three, the third ranked pentathlete in America, and trying for her second Olympic berth, Tory Skinner -

Tory steps forward.

ANNOUNCER
(continuing)
- in lane four,the current collegiate champion, Pamela Burnside -

Pam steps forward.

ANNOUNCER
(continuing)
- and in lane five, competing in her first Olympic trials as a pentathlete - she's had a dramatic rise to a number four U.S. ranking in '79, missed the Pan Am Games due to knee injury, Chris Cahill -

Chris steps forward, shakes her legs lightly.

173 CONTINUED: 173

THE CAMERAS ON THE FIELD

train on the athletes as they move to their blocks.

174 INT. EUGENE STADIUM PRESS BOX - DAY 174

IN THE PRESS BOX KATE SCHMIDT

along with an older NBC male commentator lean forward to watch the race.

175 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY 175

THE GUN

is up.

THE STARTER
Runners to your marks -

the gun FIRES.

WIDE ANGLE ON THE RACE CHRIS

gets off with the shot, moving quickly.

ANNOUNCER
- and it's Chris Cahill over the first hurdle -

Chris continues to lead the field, moving quickly and with authority over the first six hurdles, running with great speed, so much so that she HITS the top of the seventh hurdle with her lead leg, knocking the hurdle down. The announcer notes it.

CLOSER ANGLE CHRIS

trying to stay on her feet and regain her stride. Runners are passsing her by. She recovers and clears the eighth hurdle.

OVER THE LAST HURDLE CHRIS

has regained her stride and begun to make up lost ground. She finishes with what appears to be a dead heat for third - Fern Wadkins is first, followed by Tory.

CHRIS

runs down a few steps, stops - quietly dejected. She looks up.

176 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM STANDS - DAY 176

TINGLOFF

in the crowd just a few rows up. He starts to say something.

CHRIS

turns away from him, walks slowly down the chute.

DENNY

is in the stands above Tingloff, sees Chris ignore Tingloff's attempt to talk to her.

177 EXT. SCORE GRID - DAY 177

THE SCORE GRID FOR THE PENTATHLON

Wadkins is first with a 13.29 and 960 points, Tory Skinner is second with 13.58 and 920 points, Pamela Burnside is third with a 13.65 and 911 points, Chris is fourth with a 13.72 and 902 points, Debbie is fifth in 14.22 and 839 points.

178 INT. EUGENE STADIUM PRESS BOX - DAY 178

IN THE PRESS BOX THE RACE IS ON REPLAY KATE SCHMIDT

is commenting, up to and thru Chris hitting the hurdle in slow motion.

KATE
- with a track this hard and fast sometimes the quickest hurdlers lose control of their stride - see she's hitting with her lead leg which tells you she's going faster than she realizes - it's the sort of thing a coach needs to warn you about.

OTHER COMMENTATOR
- since this was her event will it give the others a psychological edge over her?

KATE
At the very least.

179 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY 179

THE MEN'S HUNDRED METER HEATS

are being run. After a heat:

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED: 179

THE ANNOUNCER
- they're beginning the third and final round of the shot put in the women's pentathlon:

180 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY 180

FERN WADKINS

settles into the circle. She THROWS. It's an excellent toss. Other athletes nod.

TORY SKINNER

moves across the circle and THROWS. Her throw is short of Fern's, but clearly out there. It pleases Tory.

CHRIS

huddled in her sweats watches, stares down at her feet.

CHARLENE BENVENISTE

settles in and THROWS. She's only so-so happy with it.

KIM STONE

a chunky girl from the second heat, jiggles, moves, and THROWS. It's out there. She's buoyantly happy.

CHRIS

steps into the circle.

ANNOUNCER
Chris Cahill's up - she's fouled and has yet to produce a legal throw.

Chris shuts her eyes, concentrates - and THROWS. The white flag goes up - but the throw is poor for her - 12.50 meters. Tory and she make eye contact. Tory shrugs as if to say 'I'm sorry.' Chris nods, walks off by herself.

181 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM STANDS - DAY 181

DENNY

jostles someone as he works his way next to Tingloff, bumping into Tingloff as well.

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED: 181

DENNY
(to Tingloff)
Hi.
(no response)
You're her coach, Chris Cahill's, aren't you?

Tingloff looks his surliest.

TINGLOFF
So what?

DENNY
Can't you help her?

TINGLOFF
She won't talk to me - and if you ask me why I'm gonna punch your fuckin' lights out.

Denny nods matter of factly.

DENNY
She might talk to me.

Tingloff suddenly looks at Denny with interest.

182 INT. EUGENE STADIUM PRESS BOX - DAY 182

IN THE PRESS BOX KATE AND NBC COMMENTATOR

The score grid for the pentathlon is on the screen.

NBC COMMENTATOR
- well we've got more results on the women's pentathlon. At the end of the shot the leaders are Fern Wadkins, Tory Skinner a strong second over a hundred points ahead of Charlene Benveniste, in third with 1748 points, then Kim Stone, and fifth Pam Burnside with 1697 points. Going pretty much according to form, Kate?

KATE SCHMIDT
- pretty much. I'm a little surprised at Tory Skinner's strong showing - it hasn't been her best year. And Kimmie - Kimmie's a shotputter mainly and I don't know that she'll hold that position. I did think Chris Cahill would be stronger, but the hurdles hurt her, and the shot pretty much takes her

183 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY 183

ON THE FIELD CHRIS

sits by herself propped up against her bag. An AAU OFFICIAL taps Chris on the shoulder.

AAU OFFICIAL
- sorry to do this to you Chris. But apparently there's some family emergency - your brother's in the stands -

CHRIS
- my brother?

AAU OFFICIAL
- I can't bring him on the field. He says it's an urgent message... up to you.

Chris nods - a suggestion of 'why not' in it and rises and follows the official.

184 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY 184

AT THE END OF THE FIELD CHRIS AND THE OFFICIAL

He points out her brother across the track.

185 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM STANDS - DAY 185

DENNY STITES

in the first row gives a tentative wave back.

186 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY 186

CHRIS

can't believe it. She starts to cross the track. She nearly runs into a field of the women's 800. The official grabs her. When they pass she races across the track.

187 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - FIELD AND STANDS - DAY 187

WHEN SHE REACHES DENNY

she stops cold, staring, waiting for him to say something.

DENNY

kneels down so his head is just about the railing - even with Chris'. He reaches over the railing and pulls her to him.

187 CONTINUED: 187

He wraps his arms around her and they kiss, fully and with utter disregard for the crowd.

THE AAU OFFICIAL

is scandalized. He walks over, taps Denny on the shoulder.

AAU OFFICIAL
(furious)
- is that the message for your sister?

DENNY
- not all of it.

AAU OFFICIAL
In that case how would you like me to disqualify her?

Another SENIOR OFFICIAL wanders over.

SR. OFFICIAL
What's the trouble, Les? Hey, Denny Stites - you don't remember me do you?

DENNY
Nick Perry - at the pool after the medley relay in Montreal.

SR. OFFICIAL
(beaming, to Stites)
All right -
(to other official, you asshole)
- it's Denny Stites.

He leads his ignorant friend off. Denny takes Chris' hand.

DENNY
- so?

CHRIS
Hit a hurdle, fouled up in the shot - I've blown it.

DENNY
You don't know that.

CHRIS
Oh yeah - had a fight with my coach and he's - whatever he is - maybe he's right.

(CONTINUED)

187 CONTINUED: (2) 187

DENNY
About what?

CHRIS
Killer instinct - whatever you need.

Denny smiles.

DENNY
What you need right now is to remember to look back over your right shoulder - should give you at least 3 more inches in your arch - and in the longjump really drive your right knee and left arm thru your take off - don't be afraid of it.

CHRIS
Have you been talking to that bastard? Him and his 'whip everybody's ass'.

Chris turns away.

DENNY
(lightly)
Hey - could you beat Bruce Jenner in the shot? Could you?

CHRIS
(smiling despite herself)
- c'mon.

DENNY
- so - you're not responsible for how good he is, or how much better you are than somebody else, or the color of your eyes, or how tall you are..all you're responsible for is being better today than yesterday or the day before - all you're trying to do is whip your own ass. That's all you can do - you're it. There's nobody else out there but you.

Chris shakes her head, deeply affected by what he's said.

DENNY
(continuing)
- give it a try.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

187 CONTINUED: (3) 187

DENNY (CONT'D)
Hey, the day I won the 1500, I missed two walls. But then - you know me and walls.

She looks at him, give him a quick squeeze, and bounds back across the track.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

188 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - HIGHJUMP - DAY 188

CHRIS SUSPENDED IN AIR

seemingly forever as she glides up to, then slowly over the bar in the highjump, her back barely brushing it, every fiber of her body arching away from it. She slowly drops down into the pit - her concentration fierce.

AND SOMERSAULTS TO A SITTING POSITION TO SEE

THE BAR STILL BOUNCING

jiggling inexorably to the point where it will fall.

CHRIS AND THE OFFICIALS AND THE OTHER ATHLETES

all watch the bouncing bar.

AT THE STANDARD

the bar is nearly half way off when it finally, delicately - trembles to a HALT.

AN OFFICIAL

signals it's a good jump. The crowd goes wild.

CHRIS

can't believe it. She bounds out of the pit. The bar is at least three inches over her head. The little standard with her name on it reads 1.83. With the crowd's noise ringing in her ears she moves blissfully back to her sweats. She passes Charlene Benveniste who stares uneasily at her.

189 INT. EUGENE STADIUM PRESS BOX - DAY 189

KATE AND NBC COMMENTATOR

both relaxed and watching.

(CONTINUED)

189 CONTINUED: 189

KATE
Well - somebody must've stuck a burr up her ass.

A technician motions frantically - they're on camera.

COMMENTATOR
(he catches it)
Uhh - you were saying, Kate?

KATE
Chris Cahill. She went three inches over her personal best. It's got to have everybody else down there talking to themselves.

COMMENTATOR
- so - what do we look for in the longjump?

The Grid for the Pentathlon is on the monitor. Fern Wadkins is still in first place 2908 points, Chris Cahill second with 2733 points, Tory Skinner third, 2724, fourth Charlene Benveniste with 2702, Pam Burnside is fifth with 2651 points.

190 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - LONGJUMP - DAY 190

AT THE LONGJUMP PIT FERN WADKINS

runs and jumps. It's a very good leap.

KATE'S VOICE
- it won't affect Fern Wadkins. But now Chris is second, Tory Skinner third, and Charlene Benveniste fourth, and they're only separated by 31 points. That's a difference of only 15 centimeters - like 7 inches of a jump.

As she's saying this Tory has stripped and concentrated - is now moving down the runway. She hits the board and LEAPS.

THE OFFICIALS MEASURE

as Tory watches. The sign reads 6.12. Tory's not thrilled.

KATE'S VOICE
(continuing)
-- that's a respectable jump for Tory -- but she needs more here -
(MORE)

190 CONTINUED: 190

KATE'S VOICE (CONT'D)
- she can't let either Benveniste or Cahill get too far away from her before the 800.

CHRIS is now on the runway. She touches her toes - picks up some grass and drops it to check the wind. Then with very little hesitation she races down the runway, hits the board and FLIES. She LANDS in the pit. SAND FLIES. She leaps out of the pit. The white flag goes up.

THE OFFICIALS MEASURE

It's 6.52 meters. The announcer on the field:

ANNOUNCER
- that last jump by Cahill was 6.52 meters, twenty one feet six inches - an American record in pentathlon lonjump - a tremendous leap.

The crowd again goes wild. Tory rushes over, picks up Chris and hugs her.

191 INT. EUGENE STADIUM PRESS BOX - DAY 191

IN THE PRESS BOX KATE AND COMMENTATOR

This time Kate just shakes her head.

192 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - HIGHJUMP PIT - DAY 192

AT THE HIGHJUMP - BENVENISTE AND TORY AND A FEW OTHER PENTATHLETES

lie with their feet in the air - lost in their own thoughts, keeping a respectable distance from each other - quiet anxiety and exhaustion on their faces.

WADKINS AND CHRIS

are jogging very slowly by the pit.

KATE'S VOICE
- Fern Wadkins is untouchable unless she falls down in the 800, and Chris Cahill with 3708 points is 52 points ahead of Skinner so she should be all right if she runs any kind of race - the real question is -

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED: 192

WADKINS AND CHRIS

approaching the pit where Tory is lying.

KATE'S VOICE
(continuing)
- Tory Skinner and Charlene Benveniste. Tory's got about 15 points on her but she's never run closer than 6 seconds to Benveniste - and she can't give her much over a second.

COMMENTATOR
- which means?

KATE'S VOICE
- if Benveniste is much more than five yards ahead of Tory at the finish, she'll take the third spot.

Chris walks up to Tory who is staring at the sky.

CHRIS
- how much time?

Tory's a little surprised by the question. She checks her watch.

TORY
Five minutes.

CHRIS
- I'm going out fast.

TORY
Why?

CHRIS
Charlene'll go with me. She's that way.

Tory sits up.

TORY
Don't do it. She'll die the last fifty - but so will you.

Chris shakes her head.

CHRIS AND TORY

Tory gets up.

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED: (2) 192

TORY
- you've got it made...I've been there before.

The official comes over.

OFFICIAL
- athletes to the starting line.

CHRIS
- relax - we're in the second flight.

193 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY 193

LONG SHOT FIELD

FIELD ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
- Ladies and gentlemen this is it. The biggie. The second and final flight of the 800 meters will decide all three places in the women's pentathlon.

AT THE STARTING LINE CHRIS, TORY, CHARLENE BENVENISTE, FERN WADKINS AND PAM BURNSIDE

jog back down the stretch to the start.

CHRIS AND TORY

TORY
- don't do it.

They reach the start.

CHRIS
You forgot something.

Tory looks questioningly. Chris holds out her finger. She shakes her head, then tugs and gets the reply.

CHRIS
(continuing)
- thank you.

194 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY 194

THE GUN IS UP

and FIRES

(CONTINUED)

194 CONTINUED: 194

WIDE ANGLE

as the five take off in the first lap of the 800. Chris immediately shoots to the front. After a moment of hesitation Charlene Benveniste takes off after her.

During the commentary by Kate and the NBC sportscaster, the race will be seen from the field, field cameras monitors, stands, etc.

Kate remarks that Chris has gone out very fast - perhaps too fast. Explains that it's likely to catch up with he about the 500 meter mark if she maintains this pace.

195 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - BACKSTRETCH - DAY 195

IN THE BACKSTRETCH OF THE FIRST LAP CHRIS LEADS

Benveniste by only the width of her shoulder. Benveniste, with her short crisp strides remains right at her heels - stride for stride.

TORY

is about twenty yards behind, running with longer slower strides. Behind her are Wadkins, Burnside.

196 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - FAR TURN - DAY 196

ON THE FAR TURN CHRIS AND CHARLENE BENVENISTE

comes out of it side by side, race down the stretch to the end of the first 400. They pass the stands. The lap BELL sounds for the final 400.

197 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY 197

CHRIS

eases up slightly. Benveniste takes her on the first curve.

INTO THE BACKSTRETCH FOR THE SECOND TIME, BENVENISTE

is leading Chris by about three yards. Tory is now about fifteen yards behind.

198 INT. EUGENE STADIUM PRESS BOX - DAY 198

Kate and the NBC Commentator remark that neither Benveniste nor Cahill should be able to maintain this pace - but - who knows?

199 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY 199

INTO THE CURVE

Chris and Benveniste are beginning to feel it. Benveniste is beginning to lose her rhythm.

TORY'S LOPING STRIDE

is bringing her to within ten yards of the leaders. The commentary points out her changing position - and the tiring leaders.

200 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY 200

OUT OF THE CURVE TOWARD THE FINISH CHRIS AND BENVENISTE

Both are now dying. They hit the straightaway and pure agony shows on both their faces. Tory is now less than ten meters behind and closing.

201 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY 201

IN THE FINAL STRAIGHTAWAY IT'S BENVENISTE

with Chris just behind her, and Tory less than seven yards behind the two of them - with Burnside and Wadkins considerably behind Tory. The crowd's roar builds, grows deafening, consuming.

202 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY 202

AT THE LAST FIFTY METERS TORY

has pulled to within three meters. Benveniste is desperately trying to hold her off. Chris is tying up. Tory draws even with them - then passes them. The crowd goes wild.

Benveniste sees Tory pass her and begins to fade badly. Chris tries desperately to hang on as Benveniste slips behind her and Wadkins and Burnside move ever closer to her.

203 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY 203

FOR CHRIS THE LAST TWENTY METERS

are sheer, slow-motion agony, a nightmare of limbs turning to stone, breath impossible to catch, and the terrible roar of the crowd.

204 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - FINISH LINE - DAY 204

TORY HAS CROSSED THE FINISH

turns immediately, yelling at Chris, urging her on.

(CONTINUED)

204 CONTINUED: 204

AT THE FINISH CHRIS

holds on, crosses in second place and collapses. Tory catches her. Sets her down on the field.

205 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY 205

THE CROWD

continues to roar - reactions of Penny, Yelovitch and Zenk, Pooch, others.

206 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - DAY 206

TORY WITH CHRIS

who is still on the ground.

TORY
C'mon, c'mon -

CHRIS
...I can't...

Wadkins is there.

WADKINS
- yes you can.

She and Tory reach down, and help Chris to her feet. Another roar from the crowd. Chris sees Tingloff at the edge of the stands. It makes her steadier on her feet. She makes it over to the fence - looks at Tingloff a long moment.

CHRIS
You're a son-of-a-bitch.

TINGLOFF
And you're a winner.

Tory and Fern take Chris' hands and pull her away. Holding hands the three girls begin a victory lap. The crowd's roar continues unabated. As they move together:

DISSOLVE:

207 EXT. EUGENE STADIUM - VICTORY STAND - DAY 207

EMPHASIZING FIRST TORY THEN CHRIS

(CONTINUED)

207 CONTINUED: 207

ANNOUNCER
- Tory Skinner with 4542 points and in second place a first time Olympian doing it with a personal best of 4576 points, Chris Cahill.

The crowd applauds and cheers again. Chris' cheeks are tear stained but she's beaming.

TORY
(quietly, to Chris)
- so what do you think?

Chris, deliriously happy - shrugs.

CHRIS
- what do you think?

Tory tries to say something everything - then nods to the stands where Denny is.

TORY
- well - he's awful cute...

CHRIS
(delighted, manages a nod)
...I know!...

As THE END comes up DISSOLVE THRU THE CREDITS TO:

208 INT. EQUIPMENT LINE - DAY 208

ATHLETES STANDING IN LINE TO GET THEIR SWEATS

Someone is telling them to straighten out their lines, be sure they're in the right one.

A PAIR OF SWEATS

is tossed in the air.

CHRIS CATCHES THEM

She takes the top and unfolds it across her breast, smoothing the material, carefully revealing - the emblem with its FIVE OLYMPIC RINGS. She bows her head, looking down at them on her breast.